

ARABS IN WARFARE. By Douglas Carruthers.  
RECLAMATION OF WASTE LAND IN HOLLAND.

# COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:  
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

VOL. XXXIX, No. 1004.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the  
New York, N.Y. Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1916

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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXIX—No. 1004.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1st, 1916.

PRICE SIXPENCE, POSTAGE EXTRA.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



LALLIE CHARLES.

THE HON. MRS. BETHELL.

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# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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The War Office notifies that from now onward all papers posted to any neutral European country will be stopped, except those sent by publishers and newsagents who have obtained special permission from the War Office. Such permission has been granted to COUNTRY LIFE, and subscribers who send to friends in Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Roumania should order copies to be despatched by the Publisher from 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

## THE BRIDGE OF GOLD

LAST week on this page an attempt was made to strengthen and support those who, like the Prime Minister of Australia, believe that a reorganisation of the British Empire is essential to its endurance. Few differ from that proposition; but habit is very forceful, and the way in which the daily papers accept the principle and then scuttle off and occupy each its own little dunghill, where it has been accustomed to crow, must be very disheartening to those who look to the Press for guidance. "Yes, certainly," acquiesces the typical writer of leaders, and then hastens to see how he will fit in the new object so as to bolster up the doctrine he was accustomed to preach from his daily pulpit in times of peace. It reminds us of Pope's witty illustrations to show that not even the Great Enemy would scare away the ruling passion. In the face of death the fair Narcissa only feels how provoking it is that her corpse should lie in linen. The sensualist's last steps are towards a scene of vice and the miser dies thinking only of candle-ends. Not dissimilar is the manner in which a contemporary like the Nation sniffs round organisation to discern how

antagonistic it is to Free Trade, and the Morning Post clasps Mr. Hughes to its bosom for giving it the chance to say, "I told you so" at great length six times in the week. A new idea, though it be borne of dire necessity and danger, is in this country treated as an ox to be thrown into a den of lions to produce much growling and showing of teeth, but to be otherwise lost. In other words, journalists, like politicians, are still under the paralysis of party politics. Those who wish to advance the interests of the Empire will not be thus led astray. It is for them to preach day and night that the organisation most imperiously demanded is not one for achieving personal and political victories. It is organisation for production. It is organisation of the soil and the factory. The greatest weakness of the Empire is that it has never been yet made to yield anything like what it is capable of yielding. In this, soil and factory are but complements the one of the other. For example, while other countries were utilising land to grow sugar beet and thereby bring into existence a great system of sugar factories we were allowing land to go out of cultivation and buying our sugar abroad. As shown in another column, land was not abstracted from the plough only because it was needed for houses and gardens and pleasure grounds, it was actually added to what agricultural statisticians call mountain and heath; that is to say, plain, absolute, unadulterated waste. This is a weakness to be remedied by strictly practical measures to which politics are tending.

As we write the Allies are in conference with regard to a Trade Policy after the war, and every politician is wondering what his party will get out of the scrimmage. It is the worst possible spirit in which to act. After the war parties may exist, but they will be new parties, not those familiar before the great climax. For the present it behoves all to strain for unison and to recognise any change of mind in those who have been their opponents, not as a defeat of those who differed from them, but an acceptance of the new conditions. Make a bridge of gold for the retreating adversary is an ancient and wise adage, as applicable to political parties as to armies in the field. We have to remember that even a rat driven into a corner from which there is no escape will make the most vicious attempt to injure its hunter. The Tariff Reformer is acting very unwisely when he executes a war dance around the Free Trader who frankly admits that he would have flung his convictions into the melting pot if he had understood that Germany before the war was organising its commerce for military ends as well as for profit. He was not alone in his ignorance. Neither Mr. Chamberlain nor any of his followers advocated a change of policy on this ground. And if they had, it would furnish no good reason for lacerating and goading those who were honest in their convictions and did not foresee. The essential part is that all should join hands now for the purpose of establishing still more firmly the foundations of the Empire so that it will be mightier in the future than it has ever been in the past.

Another word of warning needs to be given. According to a Russian saying, "It is well to be sure the bear is dead before dividing its skin." Germany is a very great, as well as an unscrupulous nation. She is an adversary to be fought with silent resolution and every weapon that science can furnish. But it is childish to count on her annihilation while she stills holds sway over three millions of our French Allies, occupies all but a small part of Belgium, holds Serbia, and has advanced her lines well into Russia. When the surrounding Allies have made a beginning of forcing her back from these advanced positions, consideration of the end will become more appropriate. Even then it will be wiser to let the German people understand that we have no desire to interfere with their peaceful recovery from the devastation of war, provided only that Germany is prevented for many generations from repeating this chapter in history. Speeches and writing "in Erckles' vein" will but make the rat fight more desperately in whatever corner to which he may be driven.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Bethell. Mrs. Bethell, who is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner, was married last year to Captain Adrian Bethell.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

IN the article on the Reclamation of Waste Land in Holland, which appears on another page, one of the most interesting points lies in the proof brought forward that in Flanders the first idea about utilising waste soil was to convert it into forest. Actually more land in the first year was turned into woodland than into arable and pasture, but our Dutch contemporaries were very quick to see that this was not the most profitable use to which to put the soil, and from that time onward the proportion of land allotted to wood plantations and to the growing of farm crops begins to be changed, till in the last year under review there are five acres set out as arable to every acre planted with trees. The importance of this to us in Great Britain is that many who have studied reclamation look upon it with the same eye as the Dutchmen did in early days. They think of little else except forestry. But it is obvious that land capable of producing food for man or beast at a profit may be much more advantageously utilised than in growing timber. At the same time, it should be noted that in this country one acre in five devoted to woodland is a very handsome proportion. If every ten acre field had two acres of woodland adjoining, there would be little danger of a famine in timber.

A SUGGESTION that deserves to be carefully considered is that the military authorities should allow more of the soldiers in training to assist in farm work during the ensuing weeks when the sowing must be done. On clay lands especially the earth has been hopelessly sodden during March, and the usual spring cultivation has been impossible. But at this season water disappears very quickly, and soil which is unworkable one day may be in a fit state for ploughing on the next. It is of very great consequence that as many hands as possible should be brought to bear on the task of getting the seed into the ground whenever a favourable opportunity occurs. But this is impossible unless something is done to alleviate the shortage of labour. The farms have been stripped of their best workers, and the women, with the best will in the world, cannot adequately fill the places of the absent. The difficulty might be got over if the military authorities would consent to the employment of a larger number of men for a few weeks only. That would enable the ploughing to be done, the spring seeds sown, and the potatoes planted. Afterwards it might be possible to struggle through with woman labour, as the work of hoeing, singling, and so on, is not beyond their strength.

IT cannot be too strongly impressed upon the country that if any work in reclamation is to be done this year it should be started in May. Then is the time when heath can be torn up with the motor-plough or the steam-plough and left to frizzle and die during the months of summer, so that it should be ready for cultivation in the autumn. There is surely no need to emphasise the importance of doing this. Every new outrage by a German submarine is an object lesson in the urgency and necessity for bringing every morsel of land into full cultivation at the earliest moment. To

neglect to do so would not only be blameworthy, it would be absolutely criminal. With all the efforts that we can put forth this year there is unhappily a prospect that food will be far from plentiful during the next twelve months. To some extent the remedy is in our own hands, and there can be no question about the difficulty of finding labour for this. Work on the small-holding is very hard, and it is doubtful if those who come back from the war because they are unfitted could make their livelihood out of a small-holding, but reclamation consists largely of light and mechanical tasks that even an injured man might in certain cases be able to perform without overtaxing his strength.

OF the many theories put forward to explain the sudden development of Germany's war on neutrals, there is only one at all plausible. This is that Germany, seeing how her mercantile marine is being depleted and recognising that under any conceivable circumstance she must emerge from the war minus those ships which are necessary for the transaction of her great export business, has determined that as far as she is able other countries shall be in the same position. Therefore her submarines are sent out with injunctions to destroy whatever in the way of ships is destructible. In no other way is it possible to account for the manner in which the Dutch liners have been torpedoed. Germany would be insane if, for no ulterior purpose, she excited the hostility of neutrals by destroying their ships. She may cynically calculate that Holland, being within striking distance of her army, dare not revolt; but German statesmen know very well that even the worm will turn in the end, and the risk is being run of setting all the neutrals, all the civilised world against her by this policy.

### A FIELD OF GREEN OATS.

A drifting sea of green outspreads,  
Between the orchard and the lanes;  
A myriad myriad tiny grains  
A-tremble on their silken threads.  
From near and far the sound is borne,  
That only quickened sense may hear,  
It sighs upon the listening ear—  
The thin, sweet music of the corn,  
Faint as imagined melodies.  
The wind, made visible to-day,  
Sweeps where those silver shadows play  
O'er grey-green foam of living seas.  
My heart swings out upon the tide  
That flows from gate to far hedge-side,  
And, slipping to its rest, it floats  
In dim green waves of swaying oats.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

IT is highly desirable that authoritative information should be given to the public as to the steps taken to carry out the arrangements for providing employment for returned soldiers. A very considerable number of those who are incapacitated for the field, although not incapable of work, has already returned. Surely it would be possible to deal with this matter as an affair of urgency. The labour colony at Hollesley Bay has accommodation for about 500 soldiers; at any rate, that number stayed there in the early part of the present year, and may be there still for all we know. Now to train 500 men this year would be a very considerable start, and there is no apparent reason why it should not be done. The plan issued by the committee aroused no serious objection. True, it was not received with a glow of enthusiasm, simply because those experienced were doubtful if a sufficient number of men would care to undertake the heavy and unremitting labour by which alone a small holding can be made successful. Still, it is of very little use drawing up a plan unless its authors are prepared to exert themselves to give it a practical trial.

EVERYBODY will be delighted with the finding of the Prize Court in regard to the bounty which Captain Noel Grant and the officers and ship's company of H.M.S. *Carmania* applied for on account of sinking the *Cap Trafalgar*. There were 437 persons on board the enemy ship, and the amount of bounty claimed, at the rate of £5 per head, was £2,185, which was ultimately awarded. The proceedings were interesting because they brought out so many curious points in the history of this particular kind of award. By the law passed in 1708, commonly known as the first Prize Act, its main requirement was that the enemy ship should be "taken," which would be a very unfair arrangement

in our time. The change was made in favour of the present system in 1864 and confirmed in 1915. In observing its working it will always be kept in mind that no young man takes to a naval career because he is desirous of becoming rich. Love of an adventurous, seafaring life and patriotism are the compelling motives. In one way it is good that it should be so, because it has enabled us to create a body of seamen which is the envy of the world; but at the same time there should be no grudging of an award which is really only an acknowledgment.

A GREAT deal of anxiety has been caused by the serious character of the news from the Antarctic. The main fact is that the *Aurora*, which left Australia for the Ross Sea at the end of 1914 in order to bring back Sir Ernest Shackleton and his party when they had crossed the South Polar Continent, has had very bad luck. Difficulties met the ship from the beginning of January onwards. At Cape Crozier the weather conditions were so bad that it was impossible to establish the depôt which had been contemplated. Several small expeditions were sent out while the ship lay at moorings off Cape Evans, and when these returned on March 4th they were embarked from Hut Point. But the *Aurora* had to stay at moorings because the extremely bad weather rendered it impossible to find a safe harbour, and a violent blizzard on May 6th drove her from her anchorage. Ultimately she became locked in the pack ice which set north along the coast around Cape Adare to the west of the Balleny Islands. In June she was heavily nipped by the enormous ice pressure and lost her rudder.

COMMANDER EVANS, who took charge of the Scott Expedition after the leader died, while regarding the outlook as very grave, urges the prompt despatch of a relief ship. It would be impossible, however, for any ship to reach McMurdo Sound before December next. The sun disappears below the northern horizon on April 22nd, and therefore a ship sent now would run the risk of being frozen in almost immediately on her arrival. Commander Evans holds that Sir Ernest Shackleton's chances of getting safely through on his transcontinental journey depend largely on the work of Lieutenant Mackintosh. If he and his party had their proper sledging equipment the departure of the *Aurora* will not be so serious as at first appears. Mr. Cherry-Garrard sends to the *Times* a list of the provisions left in January, 1913, by Captain Scott's last expedition. At Cape Evans, where ten men are stated to be, Captain Scott's hut was left in perfect condition with stove, bed, tables, and so on, and a supply of provisions that may be described as abundant. At Hut Point, thirteen miles south, where Sir Ernest Shackleton's party would arrive, there is the old Discovery Hut with sledging provisions complete for four men for twenty weeks. But the expert calculation is that the provisions will have to last for a year and a half.

IN the current number of the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture* Mr. William Law has a paper on the destruction of rats in East Lothian, which suggests that farmers throughout the country would do well to follow the Scottish example. In one year, 1911 to wit, two killers, by means of traps and dogs, accounted for 6,858 rats between October 1st, 1910, and April 26th, 1911. Someone with a statistical mind will perhaps work out the quantity of foodstuff that would have been eaten by these rats if they had been allowed to live. Between October 1st, 1911, and October 5th, 1912, seven killers accounted for 29,804 rats, which seems to be a bag worthy of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Between November 1st, 1909, and October 23rd, 1915, 116,857 rats were killed. There is no reason to believe that the climate of East Lothian is more favourable to rats than is that of any other part of Great Britain. Those who are interested in the matter are well aware that in the South of England it is far from uncommon for hundreds of rats to be killed during the threshing of a single rick. These animals have been fattening on man's most important food, and in addition are disease carriers of the worst type, yet there never has been a sustained and general attempt to extirpate them.

MR. LAW is evidently a master of the whole art of rat-catching, and his article will be appreciated by all who have ever tried that form of sport. The novel part of his report relates to the use of the flash light. He says he has never been able to induce rats into the open with a light of any kind, but has often killed considerable numbers in stables and granaries by suddenly flashing a bright light in their midst. The effect is to stupefy the rats and afford

the dogs an opportunity of snapping up a good number before the others have recovered from their amazement. He says this method is very effective on stacks. The rats come to the outside at night, and if a strong light is suddenly flashed on them they can be whipped off with a long stick for the dog to destroy. As many as fifty at one farm have been killed in this way in a single night. We are glad to see that he emphasises the great value of the harmless, necessary cat as an adjunct to the farmhouse if rats are to be kept down, and he also pays a high compliment to the owl for the part it plays in the work. The moral ought to be that no intelligent gamekeeper should ever shoot an owl or conspire against the life of a farmyard cat.

#### SPRING.

(Official.)

Belovèd, it is spring :  
(Hey nonny, ding a ding)  
Now off with mufflers and goloshes,  
A truce to furs and mackintoshes ;  
'Tis spring, so come with me ;  
(To-witta-woo, pu-we).  
We'll draw the curtains, shut the door  
On draughts that swirl about the floor ;  
And hark !—if it be nearly time for tea,  
Perchance we'll hear the copper kettle sing.

Spring !—calendar-compiled :  
Spring !—docketed and filed :  
Being impervious to reason,  
Sweet lovers may adore the season ;  
For me, I grant (cuckoo),  
It really doesn't do  
To treat the spring like Christmas Day  
Or balmy January at play ;  
So, if the fire is out or low or new,  
My woodnotes will (jug-jug) grow *very* wild.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE following story is extraordinary and nevertheless we can assure our readers that it comes from a correspondent to be trusted in every way. Those who know him will not for an instant doubt its correctness : " There are a couple of old trees close in front of my house, in one of which a number of rabbits always breed. Early in the present month, when there were 4in. of snow on the ground, I one morning saw a stoat driven out of a hole among the roots of this tree by a rabbit, which overtook the stoat and trampled it into the snow. After a few moments the rabbit ceased its onslaught and sat up, while the stoat ran to the second tree, evidently in search of shelter. After a short pause the rabbit started in pursuit, hustled the stoat out again, and trampled it a second time in the snow, but, as before, stopped its attack and allowed the stoat to get away. Close by a pair of partridges were squatting in the snow, and the rabbit, after the disappearance of the stoat, turned her attentions to these. She charged the nearest one and rolled it over, and drove both away, finally returning to her own burrow, where no doubt she had young ones."

IN view of the restrictions imposed by the Government on the importation of paper and paper making materials and the consequent shortage of supplies, readers who wish to make sure of obtaining " *Country Life* " would greatly oblige by placing a firm order for the paper with their newsagent or bookstall clerk. Owing to the scarcity of paper it will be impossible in the future to provide for ordinary chance sales of the paper. Readers who are interested in " *Country Life* " would be doing the paper a considerable service in ordering their copies from their own newsagent or bookstall clerk, or direct from the offices of the paper.

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.....

# RECLAMATION OF WASTE LAND IN HOLLAND

Uw sluimerende heidegrond  
Ontwake nieuw en blijd;  
Sluit Moeder Aarde een schoon verbond  
Met moed, vernuft en vlijt!  
Gij-trek partij van 't woeste land!  
Natuur is mild genoeg,  
Als maar de mensch zijn trage hand  
Wil strekken naar den ploeg.

*De Genestet.*

May your slumbering heatherland  
Awaken new and blythe;  
Oh, Mother Earth ally yourself again  
With courage, skill and thrift!  
Ye people bring the work to profit!  
Nature is benign  
If only men will stretch their hands  
And grasp the useful plough.

*Englished for the sense.*

**D**URING the long depression that began with the wet, disastrous season of 1879 the British agriculturist lost heart. I say this in no spirit of reproach, it is merely a phenomenon to be accounted for. From that year onwards foreign and colonial produce was poured into our ports and the extent of home production ceased to be an appreciable factor in determining prices. Our agriculturists began to fall into the rear instead of continuing to lead the van, as they had done easily in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Many fields and some entire farms were allowed to go out of cultivation. Between 1905 and 1911, to take a series of years after depression was supposed to have run its course, the cultivable area ("under crops and grass") decreased from 32,286,000 acres to 32,094,678 acres, a loss of 192,174 acres. To some extent this was accounted for by a natural absorption. Towns grew; houses were built, involving the taking of land for orchards and gardens, and areas were acquired by towns and organisations for play and recreation. But all this failed to account for the decrease. The fatal fact remained, that in the same period waste, *i.e.*, "mountain and heath," increased by 112,561 acres. Land was evidently going out of demand and, therefore, out of cultivation.

But the strange thing is that on the Continent an exactly opposite movement had to be recorded. I take

Holland as an example, although the movement was far from being confined to one country. There, waste land was being brought into cultivation at an accelerated rate, and the figures deserve attention, chiefly because they show that, as the process and its results became more widely known, they grew in favour. Dutch owners and



SHIFTING SAND, FOR AFFORESTATION.

farmers began by being as sceptical as are their English brethren of to-day. Husbandmen tend naturally to be conservative, and they regarded the idea of turning heaths, sand dunes, moors and marshes into productive soil as visionary. But how the conviction that it was

practical good sense, in other words, remunerative business, grew on them is best shown by the annual growth in the area reclaimed. I quote the figures for twenty-three years:

Acres reclaimed.			
1892	..	..	2,580
1893	..	..	1,627
1894	..	..	2,587
1895	..	..	4,340
1896	..	..	2,482
1897	..	..	4,077
1898	..	..	6,147
1899	..	..	5,702
1900	..	..	6,997
1901	..	..	4,735
1902	..	..	8,907
1903	..	..	10,955
1904	..	..	10,830
1905	..	..	9,122
1906	..	..	9,072
1907	..	..	11,537
1908	..	..	17,777
1909	..	..	16,642
1910	..	..	17,870
1911	..	..	23,285

It will be noticed that the area reclaimed in 1911 was very nearly ten times that for



HEATHER LAND AWAITING RECLAMATION.



1892. Until the war broke out, *i.e.*, in 1912-13-14, the work was going on at the rate of about 20,000 acres annually. But we were turning it out faster than they were bringing it in.

It must be clearly understood that in speaking of reclamation in Holland we do not here refer to the old reclamation from water—for example, to the half million acres rescued from water in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but to land of which counterparts exist in Great Britain. To give a concrete example, the Utrecht Estate of some 5,000 acres is situated in the vast plain of heather which constitutes part of the Dutch Belgique Campine. The heaths lie between the Dutch *commune* of Hilvarenbeek, the Belgian *communes* of Poppel, Weelde, Rævels, Turnhout, Arendonck, and the Dutch *communes* of Reuzel and Mierde. As far as the eye can see it is a flat brown country which formerly was, to a large extent, owned by the Dukes of Brabant, who utilised it for scarcely any other purpose than that of sport. The soil is low and damp and never has been looked upon as favourable to afforestation. No great value was attached to it, and the Lords of the Manor, as they would have been called in England, often rewarded good service by the gift of a considerable slice, even as Plantagenet Kings were accustomed to bestow a hyde of land on a bold spearman or esquire. It was in this way that in 1381 the *commune* of Hilvarenbeek received from John III, Duke of Brabant, a portion of the heath. Another part of the territory, the *métairie* of Thulder, covering an area of 250 acres, formed an independent estate, which from old belonged to the family Tuldanus or Tulder.

But the point of chief importance to us at the moment is the character of the soil, which does not differ so much from that of Great Britain as to render it possible for anyone to say that the reclamation done there could not be as easily accomplished in this country. The land in general is low and flat, rising only thirty-three yards above the level of the sea. It is largely composed of alluvial matter from the

shows a formation of ferruginous sand and it is the one which is most commonly met with. This soil has been found admirably suited to the planting of pine woods. Type 3 is composed of a bed of "lead" sand to a depth of 1.4 in. and more, under which lies a thick ferruginous bank. Type 4 is composed of a bed of rough sand from 4 in. to 6 in. thick, under which the old superior soil is reached. This type is less favourable to tree planting, but it is



PEAT SOIL IN COURSE OF RECLAMATION.

very rarely found. Type 5 is composed of a pure white sand which rests on a bed of marshy peat more or less thick. It is this type which appears in the *tourbières* and it is very suitable to be made into pasturage. These types are not only characterised by a diversity of composition, but also by a different vegetation. In general, the vegetation defines the type with precision, but the height of the land also exercises an influence on this point. In the low lying land the soil was continually found to be the best. Obviously, many waste districts in Great Britain might come under a very similar description.

We shall deal with this reclamation more fully in a subsequent article; at present it is enough to show that the soil dealt with must to agricultural eyes have looked at least as unpromising as the vacant lands of Norfolk or Suffolk. It does not at all exhaust the kinds of soil which had to be dealt with in Flanders. The well known reclamation made by the Minister, M. Cremer, was, to a large extent, peaty in character, and the peat on some land was removed and sold as a first step towards bringing the land under the plough. Another point which deserves attention is this. Frequently the criticism has been made that waste land, such as we have described, is only good for forestry. Apparently this was the opinion in the Netherlands in the early days. In 1892-93, the year with which our figures begin, 1 acre of woodland was planted for every 0.95 of arable and grassland. But in the next year the proportion



BREAKING UP THE GROUND BY STEAM POWER.

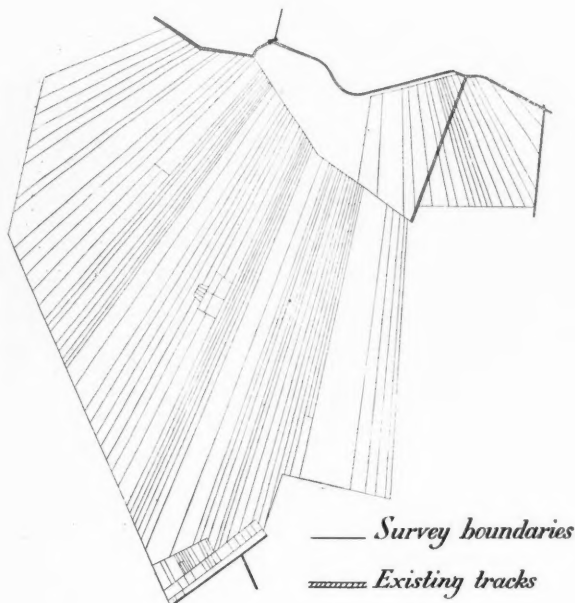
A 20-ton plough and motor. Note size of back wheel.

Meuse, and its finely grained structure predisposes it to solidification and to a great impermeability. In a few places only is the sand a little loamy, while the northern part contains more or less gravel. For the purpose of reclamation the land was roughly divided into five types. Type 1 is composed of a tender bed of heather humus, which slowly passes into a yellow subsoil. This type is everywhere used for the creation of arable land and oak plantations. Type 2

devoted to arable and grassland was very much increased, it having risen to 2.15 acres to every acre of woodland, and in 1910-11 this movement was very much accentuated, as for every acre of woodland planted, 5.36 acres were made into arable and pastureland. The point is of importance because there is a strong body of opinion in Great Britain at the present moment in favour of afforesting practically all the land entered as "mountain and heath" in the

agricultural returns, except those parts which are of solid rock or for some other reason are not cultivable. It would be a fatal mistake to enter on the work of reclaiming English soil with this prepossession, because the tentative efforts already put forward have shown that remunerative farm crops can be cultivated on much soil that was regarded by our forefathers as hopeless waste.

Needless to say, the purpose for which these facts have been examined and brought before the reader is to forward the cause of reclamation in Great Britain. In order to do



ZEIJERVELD, AN ANCIENT HEATHER COMMON, BELONGING TO CO-OWNERS, EACH OF WHOM HAD RIGHTS OF LITTER AND FUEL.

that one must meet the objections constantly advanced, and this we propose to do in a series of articles of which this is the first. But a handicap under which any writer labours who undertakes this work is the extraordinary deficiency of British statistics in regard to this point. Our readers know that it has never been our custom to under-value in any way the excellent statistical work done by the Board of Agriculture. There is no other country in which it is done better, but apparently no one within the office has

ever seriously considered the possibility of information being wanted as to the land that is reclaimable. No figures of any value have been collected to bear on the point and as far as our information goes only a very few county councils or other local bodies have become alive to the importance of the subject and sought information regarding their own localities. Thus trouble faces us at the very opening of the way. What is generally regarded as the authoritative statement about the waste land in Great Britain is embodied in Part II, Vol. II, of the Report of the Royal Commission on Coast Erosion and Afforestation in 1909, but it tells us none of the particulars in regard to types of land which we have gleaned from the *Bienfond Utrecht*. Speaking in round numbers, the total area, excluding water, of Great Britain is 56,000,000 acres. Of this acreage, the cultivated area, that is to say, the area under crops and grass, amounts to 32,000,000 acres, and there are 2,750,000 acres of woodland. The remainder, 12,801,974 acres, are returned as mountain and heathland used for grazing. Eight and a half million acres are unaccounted for in the Agricultural Returns, but they are accounted for to a large extent by urban needs, while railways, roads, mines, quarries and other industrial operations absorb a considerable portion of the surface of the country. The extent of land within the boundaries of boroughs and urban authorities amounts approximately to 4,000,000. With all this we have nothing to do at the present. Houses must be built and gardens cultivated, industries carried on, roads and railways maintained, and great cities will always require lungs in the shape of public parks and gardens; so let us go back to the 12,800,000 acres which are returned as "mountain and heathland used for grazing."

This is subject to a rough division, owing to the fact that 3,500,000 acres of the total surface of Great Britain is situated above the 1,500 ft. level. This is described as uncultivable, but forests have been planted at a greater height than this in Switzerland and one day the decision of this being hopeless land will perhaps be questioned. Over 2,500,000 acres are described as commons, but of these commons it is by no means certain that a considerable number may not be cultivated. One is perfectly aware of the history of the Enclosure Acts and that many of those who owned common rights were unjustly treated by them. That may be freely granted and, at the same time, it may be claimed that enclosure was a necessary and much more economical mode of cultivation than the open fields which it replaced. It might be possible to reclaim a great many commons without interfering in the slightest with the property of those who own them. On this very page we give an illustration which shows that sixty strips of land in which common rights were enjoyed were purchased and reclaimed. But the main point is to get the land surveyed and classified. For the facts relating to reclamation in Flanders and for permission to use the photographs, we have to express our thanks to the Netherlands Heather Society of Arnhem.

## ASTRIDE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

A STRING of lamps on a befogged bridge? No! snapshots of the sun at ten-minute intervals from sun-up to sundown. The photographs were taken on December 22nd last on the Tanana River, a tributary of the Yukon less than a hundred miles below the Arctic Circle. The horizon is a knife-cut line of snow peaks, the Saw Tooth Mountains in the east, then the Salchaket, the Wood and, lastly, the main Alaskan range, with Mount McKinley (20,300ft.) in the south-south-west.

The peaks wear white smocks the year round, and now, midwinter, their snows are the rolled-up edge of an unbroken white sheet. Unluckily, the sharp outline of the mountains at sunrise is lost owing to the flying scud and the snow flurries that cloud the later exposures on the same film. To keep up the regular ten-minute interval this objection could not be helped.

An idle venture, just to give friends at home in England an idea of the Arctic "shortest day" and of the sun's flat trajectory. The sun's speed and low flight along the heavens suggest the trajectory of a bullet. With only three hours above the horizon the sun must needs bustle along.

A like picture was taken by a professional one or two years ago. With a cemetery as foreground the effect was

doleful; a pity, as his sun pictures and mountain background were excellent.

The present essay was with three cameras fastened with wood cleats on to a table nailed to the rail of an outside stair-landing on the second story of a building at the outskirts of the town. The table was "trued" by a kindly Scots carpenter with a spirit level.

Allowance of 31.1 was made for magnetic variation—a fairly accurate guess at meridian, as the photographs show.

Nothing to block the outlook. Snow, snow, snow, nothing to break the blank stretch away, away to the foothills.

At sunrise, 10.30 a.m., on December 22nd, 1915, snapping began, and was repeated each ten minutes until sunset, 1.30 p.m.

The thermometer stood at  $-30^{\circ}$ deg. to  $-35^{\circ}$ deg. (Fahr.), that is below zero, an unknown quantity in England. It was fortunate to be able to sit indoors, dashing out and back with each record. It is common knowledge that in very cold weather, especially with Arctic conditions, metal under intense cold, which is attended by violent evaporation, will burn the flesh as readily as a hot poker. Consequently, handling the metal parts of the camera with wool gloves off is ticklish work for finger-tips, the cold biting in like red-hot needles. Frostbite is ever waiting to strike



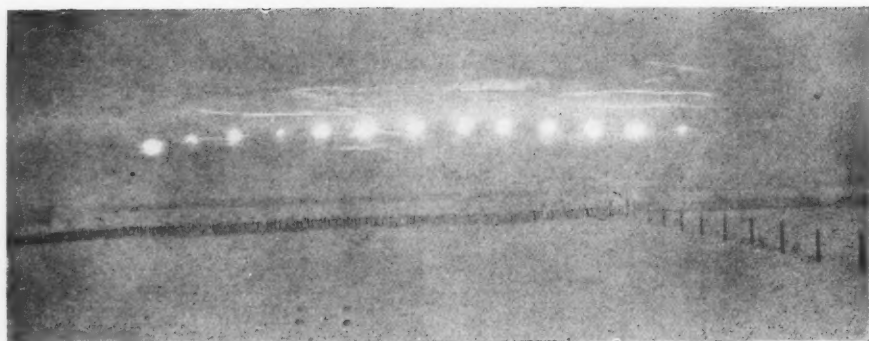
a foul blow; a relentless enemy.

Pictures were taken on several days lest the shortest day be overcast. The icy cameras were housed in a leather brief-bag (there is nothing so cold as leather) and left out of doors all night to prevent thawing and the probable sweating of the films. When the end came everything was whipped off to an experienced and skilful photographer all ready to develop the films immediately while still icebound.

The mid-winter sun is an odd contrast with the mid-night sun as seen within the Circle in June, skimming along the horizon and in view the round of twenty-four hours. The moon, too, does her little trick in November and stays in the sky a full round of the clock with a "won't go home *this morning*" air.

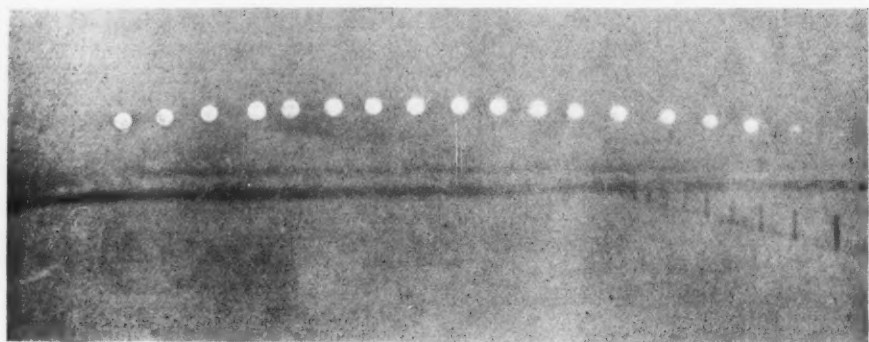
The speed of the winter sun is amazing. It is not for the superior to sit in the seat of the scornful. This is but an account of how the thing looks. We all know it is the earth that is swinging past, and the head literally reels if sight and thought beconcentrated on the mountains as they topple, falling away to the east.

The present writer recalls a V-cleft of a mountain ridge in Montana that for a brief space clinched the setting sun. Looking up 3,000ft. from a canyon already in twilight it was no fancy actually to see the mountains that held this crotch, outlined by great pine trees, hurtling across the face of the sun.



ALASKA, DECEMBER 21st, 1915. TEN MINUTES INTERVALS.

*Sunrise about 10.30 a.m., Sunset about 1.30 p.m.*



DECEMBER 22nd. TEN MINUTES INTERVALS.

*Sunrise and sunset about the same as above.*



DEC. 22nd. SUNSET 1.30 p.m.

*From 50m. S. of circle.*

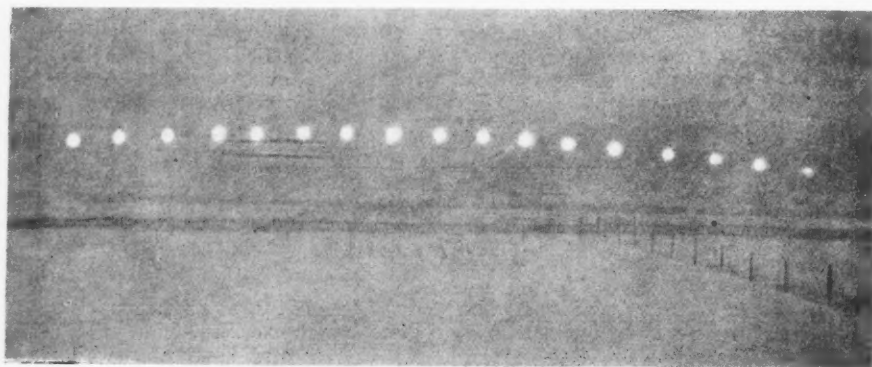
one on each side of the plinth of the peak. A dash for the camera. Too late! for the full round sun, all dressed in his best, visibly rolled gloriously clear into the sky, framed for the moment in a low saddle of the Saw Tooth Range . . . it tore along.

Lifting fast, the sun could not quite top a high peak, so capped it with a flaring beacon, and catching streamers

of mist on its sides set them ablaze to look like hill fires. As the sun swung along it every now and again marked out little blobs of light like electric bulbs, curiously equidistant in framing the edges of clefts in the glaciers that hang eternal in the eaves of the mountains.

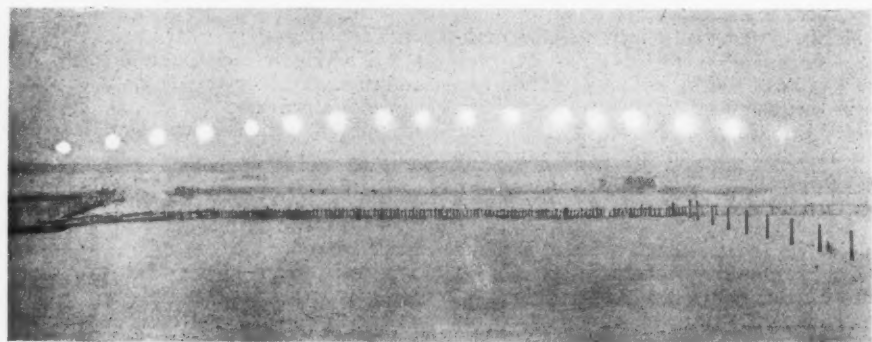
Who knows? Perhaps, just as the upper airs hold faint harmonies of earth's music, so the glories of the early morning may lie hidden, trapped in the depths beneath the surface of these poor little drab films.

H. S. O. B.



DECEMBER 24th. TEN MINUTES INTERVALS.

*Sunrise about 10.30 a.m., Sunset about 1.30 p.m.*



DECEMBER 25th. TEN MINUTES INTERVALS.

*Sunrise and sunset about the same as on Christmas Eve.*

THE ARCTIC SUN BUSTLING ALONG.



## ON "WAIT &amp; SEE" PHOTOGRAPHY—IV

By E. L. TURNER.



STOOPING TO GAZE "WHERE THE STILL WATER LIES."

ON May 27th I found two rain-water pools close together in a hollow between the sand hills. These were at the Snook End of Holy Island. One pool was circular and shelving, similar in size and shape to a downland dew-pond. The upper pool was considerably larger and irregular in outline. Between them there stretched an oblong level strip of silvery greensward. I put up a tent by each pool, and went to one or the other nearly every day between May 16th and June 2nd. The smaller pool and a large slice of the greensward were dominated by a sturdy ringed plover. His attitude was characteristic of the bird. He spoilt my chances again and again. There is no doubt that birds fight best in their own territory. This small but determined bird cleared the field of all intruders. Even the sheldrake acknowledged his rights and gave way before his spirited onslaughts. Undoubtedly, also, territorial laws are recognised by birds, and right as often as *might* governs their social relations.



EIDER DUCK ALIGHTING ON A FRESH WATER POOL.

Some idea of the smaller pool and its setting can be gained from the photographs. The two stones were favourite dressing places for terns, lapwings, stock doves and other smaller birds. Twice a day an eider duck alighted on the pool with a tremendous splash, sending the swirling water right over the stones. Unfortunately, she was shy of the tent, and after a hasty drink and a splash or two she always flew away to continue her ablutions in the upper pool. When I put up a tent there, she frequented a quiet corner out of range. Hitherto I did not know that eiders frequented fresh water. This duck was nesting close by. A common tern was particularly fond of standing on one of the stones and talking to his own reflection. But, unlike Narcissus,

he did not fall in love with himself, as he was assiduously courting another tern between whiles. Perhaps this necessitated a frequent visit to Nature's mirror in order to make sure that his appearance was correct in every detail.

One picture shows a common tern on a windy day playing a game beloved of terns. This

consists in hovering over the water with tail up-curved, then dropping down and dipping their breasts in the little curling eddies. This beautiful action is repeated time after time, and apparently has nothing to do with catching food. It is just sheer fun. It was, however, the sheldrake I really wanted and watched for day after day. But I could not get him. This was the last week of my stay in Holy Island. My tents were torn and ragged after four months' uninterrupted exposure to all the winds of heaven and the depredations of cattle. It was almost impossible to hide myself and my camera in them. Now and again I succeeded in getting a long distance shot at individual birds—mostly duck coming down to bathe. The two pools were the sheldrakes' favourite haunts, and the level greensward their "leking-ground." There some fifteen drakes met daily for play, or they bathed in little companies morning, afternoon and evening. For the sun beat down on the hot sand all that week, making frequent bathes a delightful necessity. After bathing they ran about in the shimmering heat or dozed in the hot sunshine until it was time for another plunge. But these sheldrake parties always managed to keep just beyond the range of my camera. Shelduck began to arrive at Holy Island on February 3rd. Courting began on April 10th, and the first brood of young was hatched on June 4th. Their courtship is noisy. The drakes dash across the water at each other, stretching out their necks and uttering a hoarse "kak, kak, kak," rapidly repeated. Rival sheldrake show no great vindictiveness. These mimic battles raged on the mere all day for a week or two. After pairing the duck and drake fly about together or play in the water or sit on the

Unlike most species of duck, sheldrakes are not clumsy on land. They assembled on their "leking grounds" about 11 a.m. and again from 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. The hot silence of the sandhills would suddenly be broken by the sound of their wings. As they drew near their soft call note—"sosthieu, sosthieu, sosthieu"—uttered in unison by a number of birds together, was like the sighing of the wind in the reeds.



VISITORS TO THE POOL—A RINGED PLOVER.



VISITORS TO THE POOL—A STOCK DOVE.

low-lying rocks by the sea amusing themselves until the full clutch of eggs is laid and the duck begins to brood. Isolated couples seem content with each other's society, and the drakes sit about in solitary grandeur all day while their mates are brooding. But at Snook End, where numbers breed, the sheldrake seemed to indulge in regular organised games and were more or less gregarious.

Perhaps only two or three would come at first, but by and by the numbers increased. Soon the silver grey sward was alive with these brilliant drakes. Some bathed and then sat apart preening themselves. Others began to play at once. They tilted with lowered heads, outstretched wings and arched necks. The preliminary steps were slow and stately, but gradually the pace quickened. When close together the wings were raised and arched, yet pressed close to the body. Then the neck was suddenly thrust out horizontally. The drake who got his thrust home would throw up his head vertically. This seemed to signify that he had scored a point. He then moved his head rapidly up and down with sinuous twists of the neck, so that the latter looked like a series of loops. Sometimes these combats took the form of duels, but frequently there was a general *melée*, when it seemed as if "everybody had won and all must have prizes." The entertainment was entirely lacking in hatred or any uncharitableness. If they came within the ringed plover's territory, he made frantic dashes at the drakes, and they good-humouredly waddled further off. Towards sunset each took wing again and went away alone and circled near the place where his mate was brooding. The drake then called softly "kek, kek, kek," until the duck joined him, when they went off to feed. It was a beautiful game to watch and, in addition, very amusing. The shelduck's upper mandible curves

upwards. When the brilliant red bill is wide open, as the birds rush squealing at each other, their whole expression, owing to the up-tilted beaks, is irresistibly funny.

After sundown many beautiful things occur at the meres and also at the inland pools left by the receding tides. These cannot possibly be photographed. One evening thirty





THE MASTER OF THE POOL—A SHELDRAKE.

lapwings assembled in one pool at Snook End and paddled about in the then very shallow water. A week's hot sun rapidly dried up the pools, and in the shallower parts the lapwings' feet were barely covered. They stood solemnly, each on one leg, conversing in low tones. It seemed as if the twilight and the lengthening shadows had a subduing influence upon even the lapwings' irrepressible spirits. In the misty gloaming they looked twice their natural size. Immobile as statues, only their long shadows seemed alive as the faintest possible

breeze ruffled the pool and made the shadows dance. Another evening on the mainland about eighty curlews met together by a shallow pool left by the receding tide in a sheltered bay. They came in from all the countryside in little flocks, like starlings going to roost. One impudent dunlin tripped into the midst of this solemn assembly. Several curlews turned and stared haughtily at the intruder for some time, until he came to the conclusion that it was no place for him and flew away.



DISPORTING HIMSELF NOT FAR FROM HIS BROODING MATE.





THE TERN AT PLAY.

It is the sidelights on wild life such as these which make the "Wait and See" method so obviously worth while. You never know what will happen next. Sometimes the inevitable disappointments of chance work make you wish you had never been born. But the recollection of the grey

days and the gold remains. The grey days by the mere, and the golden days among the sandhills, and the blue days at sea: these memories are priceless. *Why* one ever burdens oneself with a nerve-racking camera I have never yet been able to discover.

## ARABS IN WARFARE

By DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.

THE record of Arab warfare is, like Arab history, spasmodic, uncertain and inconsistent. To-day the Arabs are lazy and cautious, to-morrow they may be demons of energy and valour. There is no accounting for them or their moods. The Arabs have always been unreliable, but never before have they been such an "unknown quantity" as at the present moment, under the peculiar circumstances of the European-Asiatic War. The followers of Mohammed have been called upon to fight a "Holy War," to take up arms for their Faith. The call has, no doubt, resounded far and wide across the whole Islamic world, from Stamboul to Baghdad, from Mecca to Morocco, from Meshed to Bokhara, and even to Delhi and Agra. The Arab traders by the steamy Congo have heard it by now, and the wandering nomads of the Central Asian steppes know that the Sheikh-ul-Islam has authorised a "Jihad."

It is a big issue, were Islam one. But already it is proved that the unity of the great Faith is a thing of the past. Algerian tribesmen have shown their fidelity to France; Russian Tartars remain loyal to the Czar; Indian Mussulmans do not waver, even when called upon to war against their co-religionists. The outskirts of Islam have not answered to the call from the Protector of their Faith; Stamboul remains alone; it is an open question as to what part Moslem subjects of the Turkish Empire will play. The heart of Islam is Mecca, and surrounding that heart is the arid "island of the Arabs," inhabited by those warrior races who once spread the Faith across half the world. What may we expect of Arabia's desert warriors? Will they answer the call? And if so, will they be able to discard their tribal jealousies and their innate antagonism to Turkey, and to act as one? Will religion carry more weight than race?

It is a great crisis. We know full well what one fanatical tribesman can do in the way of leading a "Jihad"; the Mahdi took some stopping; "Mad Mullahs" are a peculiarly unsatisfactory type of enemy to deal with. Arab nature, the impulses that drive him, his hostile environment—and his remarkable adaptability to it—all these are alike a mystery to us. His keenness and unconquerable valour are a great deal more than mere fanaticism. Were we to gain a true insight into Arab character we should find him as human as ourselves. His perfect assimilation to his surroundings is but a matter of evolution; he is, like his camels, a product of the desert. In the electric atmosphere of arid lands we must expect to find highly strung, nervous inhabitants; we must be prepared for sudden and furious outbursts of passion, for treachery, for violent onslaughts, stubborn stands and hasty retreats. Arab character will exhibit itself throughout every act of the drama which is being staged in the Near East.

Practically all the Arab fighters who are likely to play a part in the drama are nomads. This naturally results in an aptitude for great mobility during a campaign. On the other hand it means a serious lack of discipline, for deep in his nature is that hereditary independence which renders difficult all attempts at organisation. Individually he might become an efficient soldier, were he subjected to prolonged discipline. But in their masses, without trust in each other, lacking in *esprit de corps* and devoid of patriotism, the Arabs cannot attain any unity of thought or action. Each man is for himself. The Ishmaelite is still "a wild man," whose "hand is against every man."

A hard life in a lean land, the necessity for possessing self-reliance and initiative, the need of efficiency in the art of war—resulting in familiarity with danger, pain and death—these have made the Arab a born warrior. He is an excellent scout, and could be drilled into that most useful auxiliary for guerilla warfare—irregular cavalry. He is the "Cossack" of the desert. He can live on practically nothing, and his camel can do likewise. Mobility in the waterless and foodless lands where Arabs are wont to dwell is no small advantage. Success in his own inter-tribal quarrels depends entirely upon the speed with which he strikes, his ability to travel fast and far, and, if possible, to take his enemy unawares. On well bred dromedaries, parties of Bedouin can range over immense stretches of country, striking with determination when they find themselves in superiority, but vanishing like desert-dust when outnumbered. They are an enemy "dangerous to provoke and fruitless to attack." As Gibbon says: "When they advance to battle, the hope of victory is in the front; in the rear, the assurance of a retreat."

Physically fitted as the Arab is for warfare of a certain type, there seems to be a considerable variance of opinion as to his moral courage and his general character as a warrior. Mr. D. G. Hogarth, an eminent authority on Arabia, says: "The man of the Arabian desert is an ineffective animal, bad shot, bad rider, bad fighter, bad breeder, and when brought out of his steppes, as bad a cultivator as a citizen." I do not put the Bedouin as low as this; the Arabs of the desert have not yet degenerated into a horde of uncouth barbarians, whose only occupation is robbery with violence. I claim that he can ride and shoot, that he is not contemptible as a fighter, and that, on occasion, he is brave to desperation and utterly careless of danger. But I grant that the *impulse* must be there, and that they probably never show themselves to advantage except under the influence of great excitement, be it the chance of great booty, the magical personality of some born leader of men, or religious enthusiasm.

Herein lies the secret of Arab achievement; consequently as long as the driving force is lacking, the desert raiders may be discounted. Cold calculation, or the call of duty, would never start an Arab avalanche. Their emotions must be aroused, and their nervous temperament excited before an appeal could carry weight and bind the tribes together. It is inconceivable that the Bedouin tribes will be stirred to action, for instance, by the preaching of a "Jehad," which has already proved abortive, or by the doling out of bribes. These would, in no way, affect their peculiar temperament, which, although fanatical to a degree and liable to explosion at the slightest incentive, is correspondingly phlegmatic and immovable when their passions remain unstirred.

I cannot imagine Arabs of my acquaintance, who inhabit the nameless wastes between Egypt and the Persian Gulf, setting out seriously to give battle to the defenders of the Nile Valley. They have no leaders but Turks, whom they consider as hereditary foes, neither have they any figure-head whose supernatural qualities might override their prejudices and turn with magic wand their hopeless discord into unity. The Arab levies will fail their masters, even if it is only because the impulse is lacking. No amount of imagination will persuade them that they are waging a Holy War against all infidels; no bribes, offers of loot, or decree of the Sultan will nerve the Bedouin to deeds of superhuman endurance and bravery in the face of modern warfare. Khalid did it, Osman Digma and the Mahdi did it, but influence such as they exerted is non-existent now. The Arabs will make excellent camel-drivers, they will be able to manage the transport of war material over desert zones, and they may well be used for scouting or patrol work; but the spectre of countless hosts of mounted warriors emerging from the desert and hurling themselves upon the inhabitants of Egypt is visionary. Out of the estimated eight millions of the Arabian peninsula, who is there who would bear arms for the Ottoman rulers? The provinces of Turkish Arabia show an even more bitter hostility to the Sultan than do the independent Emirates, who have for ages refused all interference on the part of the Turks. Even the assumed guardianship of the sacred Hedjaz is forced; the Shereef of Mecca only bides his time, hoping some day to retrieve his hereditary title. The nomad population—the warriors—are as detached and as unreliable as ever. They acknowledge neither Sultan nor Shereef, they are as distrustful of the Turks as they are of each other. Chaos in the settled lands and stories of plunder to be gained might set loose bands of brigands, who would be amenable to Turkish leadership. Guerilla warfare, waged by irregular camel corps, might occupy the attention of the Egyptian outposts, and initiate our troops into the art of desert warfare. But, for the present, at any rate, the scare of a self-imposed



A BEDOUIN WARRIOR.

the freebooters of Arabia to the Ottoman flag. The Arabs are robbers at heart. They are desperately poor, and only by recourse to violence can they acquire wealth. Their lives consist of raiding each other and of being raided—they are a nation of highwaymen. Their inclination to pillage is the origin of most of their inter-tribal quarrels. Except where a blood feud has been incurred, their expeditions are generally of a bloodless nature. Robbery is the chief object, and it has been reduced to a great game, played under certain rules, and deprived of its bloodthirsty element by the laws of retaliation. The Bedouin tribes would long ago have been decimated but for the law that spilt blood must be avenged or paid for. The feud is obligatory and falls on all

relatives within five degrees. This has saved the tribes from extermination, and has also been the means of making them so cautious in battle that it has even been mistaken for cowardice.

Continual danger very soon creates an aptitude for self-preservation, which the uninitiated do not always recognise as such. Much of Arab warfare would seem ludicrous to us; it would appear half-hearted and destitute of enterprise, an unsportsmanlike affair of calculating a certain victory before risking attack. This, of course, is when their expeditions are for purely freebooting purposes; when animated by some great impulse their caution disappears and the Arab may then become a truly dangerous foe. The English, it is said, fight for liberty, and the French for glory, but the Arab fights as a matter of course against his neighbours, and with even greater zest against any foreign intruder. The binding force of a fighting creed and the desire for loot may nerve him to an exceptional pitch of energy and to amazing deeds of valour. When in this overwrought condition he becomes for a time,



A BEDOUIN BOY.

as we say, fanatical, but he is no more of a fanatic than was the Spanish Inquisitor of the fifteenth century or the Irish Nationalist of to-day. It is not really death that the Arab seeks, for in that case there would be no Arabs left. Modern and scientific warfare will stop the fever of fanaticism more quickly than ever should there be an outbreak; but, as yet, no symptoms have appeared. It is some time since the Arabs launched themselves against the Infidels. The ferocity with which they attacked, the utter recklessness with which they faced better armed troops than themselves, and their disregard for death, astonished us to such an extent in our last encounter that we should set a true value upon a possible recurrence. Yet, since the days of Osman Digma and Arabi Pasha, how much have we advanced in warfare, and how much have the Arabs? True, the tribesmen have been able to arm themselves with breech-loading rifles, but these are only the off-casts of the West, and owing to the very fact of their superiority over the old muzzle-loaders are a trap to the users, for ammunition can only be procured from foreign sources. The Bedouin tribes throughout the Peninsula are practically all armed with more or less modern firearms. I estimated, after examining large numbers, that 50 per cent. were of British manufacture; some of these were marked "Field Co., Birmingham," "Enfield 1876"—Government mark, "Mauser Muscat" and "Superior Muscat Martini"—.303 bore. Forty per cent. were of American manufacture, including "Peabody-Martini," "Providence Tool Co.," bearing Turkish Government mark, and "Remington Arms Co." Ten per cent. were of French—"St. Etienne." A nondescript armament and one very difficult to supply with ammunition.

Apart from this innovation the Arabs are no better equipped than they were a hundred years ago. Plenty of courage and great powers of endurance will not make up for inferiority of weapons, even should religious emotion imbue the warriors with supernatural powers. Owing, however, to the natural mobility of well mounted camelers in a desert country, the hardihood of the nomads, and their perfect harmony with their surroundings, the Arabs have an advantage which is not easily met except by troops of like quality. No aggressive action, however, is likely to take place against such troops in their own native deserts, and the possibility of Bedouin levies storming the British lines, in cold blood, unassisted by a wave of real fanaticism, is to me non-existent.

The golden cord of Islam is broken; the Moslem world is divided against itself. Consequently a united Arab rising is robbed of its chief stimulus, namely, a religious revival, which alone really stirs them, and impels them to march to victory in spite of fearful odds, as they did in the days of their warrior prophet.





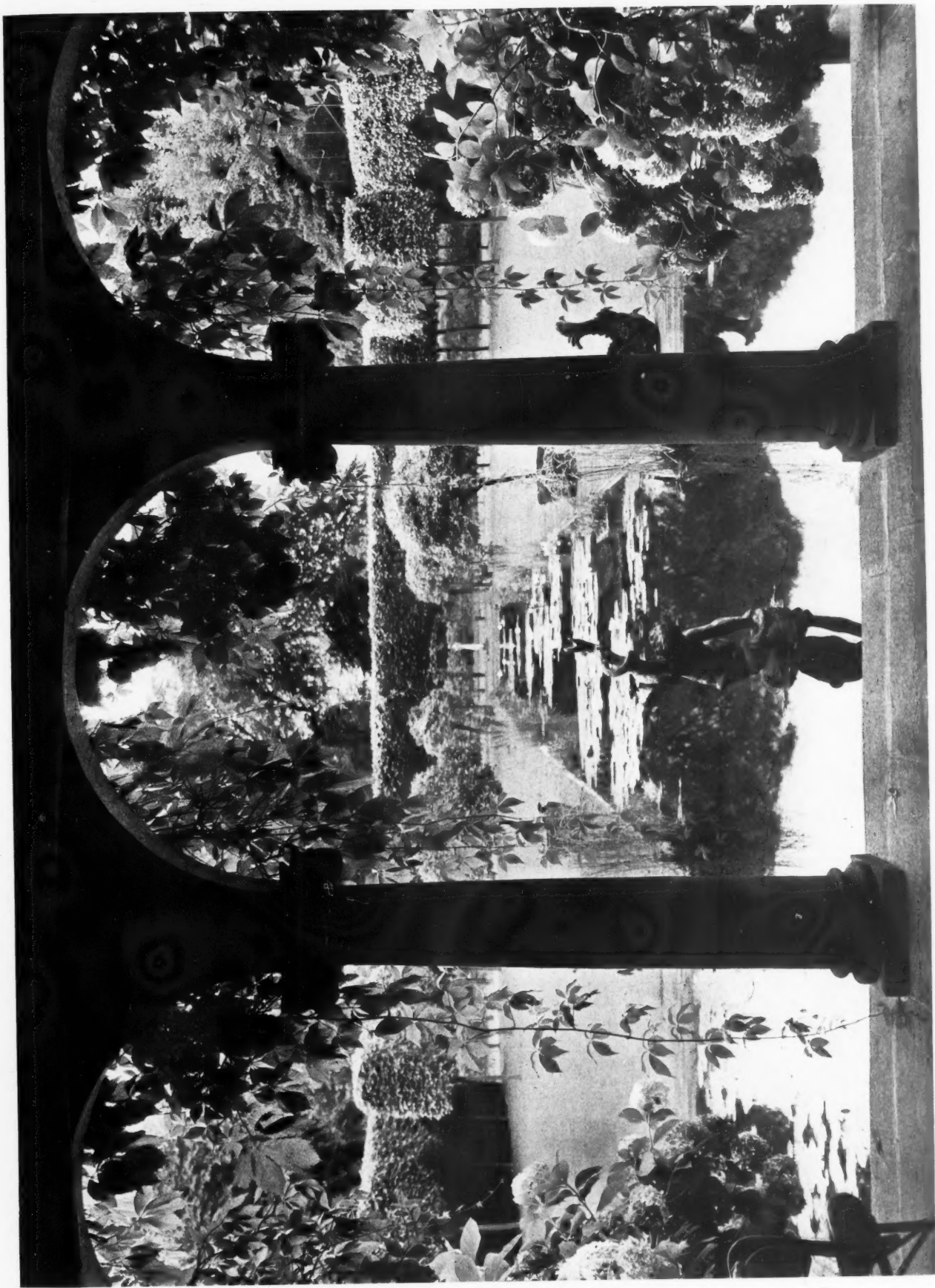
THE pictures of the Bridge House gardens show formalism in the ascendant, and the impression they give is the correct one. Definite objects and distinct form attract the photographer, who well knows that a tumble of interlacing alpines or a well filled and evenly grown herbaceous border, however delightful to the eye that can instantly concentrate on detail or enjoy the mass with its infinite colour variations, responds poorly to the limitations of the camera. Hence garden photographs are apt to portray the geometric to the exclusion of the natural features of a general lay-out, although the latter may in reality be the prevailing element. But at Bridge House, where the natural features are not arresting, and the grounds for the most part answer to what Rea—a true seventeenth century formalist—thought the “handsomest” for a garden (that is, a perfect level) formality has rightly been given the foremost place. Balustraded terrace, paved parterre, architectural walling, pillared garden-house, T-shaped canal, clipped lime walks—the whole sufficiently enriched by aptly placed statues, vases and benches—first arrest and then satisfy the eye by their general congruity and individual excellence. Yet these do not occupy the whole garden territory. It is not a case of domination, of formalism *über alles*. Friendly alliance with

Nature is firmly established, and she has her full and legitimate sphere.

It is the winding Wey that assures her her rights, and is the bulwark of her survival, for it presents a strong and assertive anatomy, which it were as difficult as ill advised to clamp within straightened banks and geometric framework. Far from attempting such a curb, its spirit and virtues were given sway over its immediate environment. It is the picture thus formed (Fig. 4) which pleasantly greets the visitor passing through the rooms into the ample loggia that clings to the south-west corner of the house. From the loggia there is, indeed, a descent into a paved and balustraded terrace, but that gives access to a swelling lawn whence rise the noble stems of oak and beech as it slopes down to the water's edge. Beyond the river are lush yet tree-set meadows where the ruddy cattle take their fill and chew the cud, or where the flock of white geese devour the grass on their stately advance, or, hopeful of richer victual at the farmstead, take flight and dot the expanse of sward with outstretched wing gleaming in the sun. If we cross the river by the Japanese bridge, whose curve is in such perfect harmony with the river's windings, and then look back, we realise the charm of the flower-decked bank ending with the thatched tea-house that groups deliciously with







2.—LOOKING OUT OF THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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3.—TO THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—LOOKING WEST FROM THE LOGGIA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—PLEACHED LIMES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Scotch firs and dove-cot around which the fantails swirl (Fig. 1). The tea-house is even better for solitary study and contemplation than for the convivial dish of bohea. It is so peaceful that one feels one can at the same moment be absorbed by the written page and intimate with the living scene. A glance that does not disturb or break the line of thought gives a lazy vision of the swans—expectant of tit-bits—floating on the placid waters with as much patience as the anglers in the punt a little higher up. Or the eye travels in momentary holiday along the sweep of mown lawn to the rougher parts where early bulb or later wild flower contests for foothold with uncut grass or interloping sedge; or where the waving ground sinks to marsh and pool teeming with prolific denizens that are altogether unaffected by the decreasing birth rate problem. Here, before May ends, primulas of the japonica and pulverulenta types in their thousands shoot up tall heads of storeyed whorls, luxuriating in the damp, sandy soil and the partial shade of willows through which the sun glints and flecks the pinky rifts with radiant points. Already, dagger-like, the erect growth of *Iris Kämpferi* cuts sharply up through the broad horizontal leafage of the primroses, eager to displace them as recipients of adulation by spreading wide and saucerwise their prosperous purple blooms as the June days reach their complement. A walk across stepping stones through the forest of their bayonets, or of the taller halberds of the associated bulrushes brings us to a rock-set, alpine-clad hollow enclosed by tall limes and other trees that do not intrude their shade too near. A rough, mossy stone path meanders through, deflected here and there by an obtruding mass, not of the undesirable stone heap kind, but forming a convincing upcrop of bold weathered rock. Dwarf pines, horizontal cotoneaster, butcher's broom and winter green clothe the background, and set in front are campanula, cyclamen, sedum, *Vancouveria*, thrift, and a few other desired subjects in ample quantity, for the leading principle is general effect, not botanic enumeration.

Thence we pass into an oblong enclosure guarded by clipped beech hedges roft. high, green in summer and of a warm, attractive russet when autumn cold has rendered the leaves sapless. Here are four beds of loose grown China roses girt by what was a box edging, but has now grown to a green rampart, 2ft. high or more. A single old apple tree rises from one of the beds and gives





6.—HYDRANGEAS AND NYMPHEAS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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7.—FROM SHADE TO SUN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—FROM SUN TO SHADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the whole an aspect of easy negligence, supervised, indeed, but not studied. Through an arched opening in the hedge a brick path leads through peat borders, where *Clethra* and *Andromeda*, *Erica* and *azalea* are sprinkled with lilies, to a little sunk garden with sundial in centre. But if we turn aside to the right we cross tennis lawns and reach one of those amply designed pieces of formalism which Mr. H. A. Peto so well knows how to conceive and execute. An arc of cut limes forms a semicircle of lawn, serving as its outer ward or forecourt. The limes (Fig. 5), in two rows wide apart, make a green roofed corridor, and are used also, backed by tall yew hedge, as the rampart of the inner court of this *Paradisium*. The arresting feature is the central canal widening out into a T-shaped head into which descend the steps of an arcaded garden house, whose fine architectural form is best seen when the full summer growth of creepers does not mark it by its cascade of trails (Fig. 9). They are, however, rightly allowed their season of prevalence, for, beauty apart, they break the slanting sun shafts of hot August afternoons, and from the cool shelter of the garden-house we can in leisured comfort look out on to the gay and brilliantly lit scene (Fig. 2). In the centre of the canal head, a boy struggles with a coiling serpent and, grasping its neck, makes it shoot forth a fountain from its opened mouth. All around it on the still surface of the water flatly lie water-lily leaves, through which rise the stately flowers—white, chrome, pink, and crimson. The tendency of the plants to form a dense mat over the water, and even to drive half the leaves into a semi-upright position is severely checked. There is no congestion. Enough flat leaves leave enough water space and are jewelled with enough flowers. It is water lily growing of the best. Indeed, enough and not too much is the keystone of the whole scene. It is rich in colour and incident and yet not crowded and worried. It is not heaped with ill chosen objects and ill conditioned plants. The two great plants of *Hydrangea* (Fig. 6), their countless bloom heads reflected in the water, are a sufficient and noble guard to the garden house steps, by no means to be replaced by a bantam battalion of the same botanic family. The tubbed bay trees, placed near the flag edged canal, are finely grown, and the four of them are far more impressive than a dozen small ones. There are bronze water monsters at the canal corners, and occasional Italian vases and seats. But the broad unbroken sward that stretches on each side of the canal to the encompassing yews and limes is an ample and restful background and foil for the whole of the introduced detail.

The canal head, on the garden-house side, is curved: curved paved ways, beginning where the lime rows end, lead up between iris borders to the garden house doors and an architectural finish is given to their course by stone acorn-finished posts, connected by creeper-wreathed chains. Masked by the limes, though abutting on to them, is a big aviary or caged-in bird village. Its denizens of every size and hue and shape have dwellings to their choice, a garden of shrubs and irises, a fountain and water course, height and space for ample flight and aerial perching. Their quick movements and cheerful twitter proclaim them a contented colony, adding much live interest to this "Garden of Pleasure."

Nearer the house there are other attractive incidents. The south-west wind blowing along the flats across the river and up the garden slope to the house was found to break and bruise the taller growths with almost Prussian cruelty. They have been entrenched behind a high wall in brick and stone designed in the William III manner. Arched openings admit the passage of brick paths and frame enjoyable garden pictures on whichever side of the arch you find yourself. Step down from the loggia and you look through on to the cool shade of a short pergola, guarded by charming bell flowers and leading





Copyright.

9.—THE CANAL GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to a splendid horse chestnut tree sweeping down to the ground and merely tunnelled for the pathway through it (Fig. 8). Step under it and look back (Fig. 7), and the pathway is seen, edged by the sunlit herbaceous borders under the house, stretching its length till it reaches a very fine eighteenth century lead statue of Apollo backed by a

mass of evergreens. This statue is shown (Fig. 3) with the pathway bending to the right on its way to the canal garden, while on the left rich masses of phlox and gladiolus, of rudbeckia and helenium occupy the foreground, and across the grass rises a little Italian marble-columned and iron-roofed temple that stands in the rose garden.



Copyright.

10.—A LILY POOL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

One more picture (Fig. 10) remains to be described. Passing along the terrace that lies below the loggia and the west side of the house we descend steps into another gardened parallelogram. It is bounded on the right by a yew hedge in front of which is placed a great stone seat of the classic type that Alma-Tadema was wont to introduce in his pictures of old Roman life. On the left is the lawn descending to the river, while the kitchen garden, where the thinness of the tree and shrub screen made it too apparent, is shut out by a well designed example of that treillage which formed so essential a part of the architectural adornment of sixteenth and seventeenth century French gardens. Borders of freely grown tea and China roses run round a flagged space whereon a tortoise has placed himself before the camera, while the centre of the little enclosure is occupied by a lily

pool that comes within the criticism of which the canal was free. The vigorous growth of most of the nymphaeas chokes these little pools after a few years, and the replanting and thinning takes time and attention, which cannot always be given in a garden which has so much variety and extent, and therefore makes such demands upon the brain and muscle of the gardener as the one we are now visiting. It is, indeed, a comforting reflection, at a time when the serious needs of the nation reduce a garden staff to the minimum, that an equal evil is apt to arise from doing too much as from doing too little. Order and neatness should be attained without an outward show of hostility to Nature. This needs a trained eye and a skilful hand, but it is in very considerable measure attained at Bridge House.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## IN THE GARDEN

### GRAFTING A STANDARD APPLE TREE.

FOR years I had been dissatisfied with a standard Apple tree. It was an unnamed variety and a poor cropper; in short, it was not worth the space it occupied. It would have been a great pity to destroy the tree, for with all its faults it made a shapely and a healthy looking standard. It was therefore decided to cut back the main branches and to graft a new head on the old shoulders. The variety

selected was Cox's Orange Pippin, an excellent Apple that is known to do well in the district. There was nothing novel about the work—indeed, grafting is an art which has been practised from a period of remote antiquity—but the results were highly satisfactory, and reference to the subject may prove helpful to others now that the grafting season is again with us.

The work was taken in hand in the spring of 1913, and a few weeks before grafting all the main branches were sawn off to within 2ft. of the main stem of the tree. March is usually looked upon as the best time for grafting, but it may be done as late as May, providing that the scions—that is, the shoots to be grafted—are not in a too forward condition. If the scion is in advance of the stock, its buds are likely to be starved before the union takes place; but if the buds of the scion are dormant—and they may be kept back by heeling in the shoots to be grafted on the north side of a wall or hedge—there is every chance for the union to take place before growth commences. The scions of Cox's Orange Pippin were selected from healthy wood of the previous year's growth about as thick as a pencil, and 6in. or 8in. long when prepared. A few more inches were sawn off each branch of the stock just before grafting, and the wood was then pared off smoothly with a sharp knife. There are two or three ways of grafting standards, but the method applied was that known as



TREE CUT BACK AND GRAFTS INSERTED.



GRAFTS COATED WITH CLAY.



THE FIRST YEAR'S GROWTH.

crown or rind grafting. It is certainly better than cleft grafting, in which the stock is split open with a chisel and a wedge-shaped scion inserted, for in this case the split wood is a constant source of decay and disease.

Rind grafting, as its name implies, is to insert the scions just within the bark of the tree. In preparing the scions, the bottom 2in. or 3in. of each one was pared off in a slanting direction. A practised

hand is able to do this in one clean cut. The bark of the stock after being cut was easily raised with the haft of a budding knife, when the scion was pushed down into position. Where necessary two or three, or even more, scions were placed on a branch, the whole being bound round with broad strands of raffia. It is important that the work be carried out speedily. Stand the scions in water and insert each one immediately it is prepared. Either grafting wax or clay must be used to prevent air, rain or frost from reaching the place of union. Many prefer the grafting wax—it is clean and effective; although I have had better results from the use of clay mixed with soft meadow hay to prevent it from cracking. The clay is smoothed over with the hands after dipping them in water. In due season every graft showed signs of growth and some have since been thinned out to prevent overcrowding. As usual, there was a tendency for the stock to throw out growths below the graft, and these were rubbed off as they appeared.

A new head was formed on the shoulders of the old tree before the summer of 1913 was over. Buds from each scion developed into strong shoots, some of them making over 3ft. of the growth, and a little pruning has since enabled the tree to produce an ample supply of fruiting wood.

H. C.



A SIMILAR TREE TWO YEARS AFTER GRAFTING.

Note the formation of fruit spurs.



## HOW ITALY IS PROTECTING HER ART TREASURES

ITALY worships her grand past, her historical monuments, her artistic masterpieces. From any street boy playing in the square you may know the date of a church, the significance of a statue, the painter of a fresco. And he will tell you this without ever having learnt it. He knows it instinctively. The knowledge is part of the tradition amid which he lives. Vaguely, as he grows up, he begins to understand that it is part of his pride of race, that it justifies Italy's fame. He is proud of it. He comes to respect the title deeds and the visible signs of this glory, which he shares with his nation. And, even if there were not firmly implanted in this nation a passionate love of beauty, Italians would learn from their economists that one of Italy's most valuable resources is the annual revenue (estimated in normal times at about five hundred million francs) which she derives from her possession of artistic wealth. Thus one understands how thoroughly justified, both morally and economically, are the laws prohibiting the exportation of works of art.

On the outbreak of the European war, sensible people realised at once that Italy could not long remain neutral. Neither advocates nor opponents of intervention could fail to apprehend the danger with which modern military tactics would threaten the masterpieces of Italian art. Taking advantage of this apprehension the Austrians did not scruple to declare that, in case of war, they would without hesitation bombard Venice. And most of us trembled for the wonders of the Doges' city.

But others comforted themselves with the principles of international law. Objects of beauty they considered to be beyond the reach of war, belonging not to the belligerents, but to humanity. The law of nations concedes the right to protection of works of art, and the Hague Convention expressly forbade the destructive bombardment of historical monuments and artistic masterpieces. To bombard Venice with the barbarous intention of destroying the dazzling prestige of the city of the Winged Lion would be a crime against civilisation.

Almost childish in their simplicity, however, seemed such opinions after the conduct in Belgium and Northern France of the Germans, themselves signatories of the Hague Convention. The smoking ruins, the blackened walls of Dinant, Louvain, Ypres, Arras and Reims, were proof enough that there was every ground for fear, and that the satanic spirit moving through this war seems bent on rendering it more cruel and more devastating than any of its predecessors.

Italy, therefore, learning from experience, took infinite precautions to ward off the danger. She wrapped her treasures round in maternal solicitude; she endeavoured to shelter them from the blows of hideous violence. Italy we say—but to be more precise, Signor Corrado Ricci, for it would be unjust to the director-general of antiquities and of the fine arts, not to represent him as the ingenious initiator, the indefatigable executor of those measures of safety for which must ever be indebted to him all lovers of the beautiful the world over.

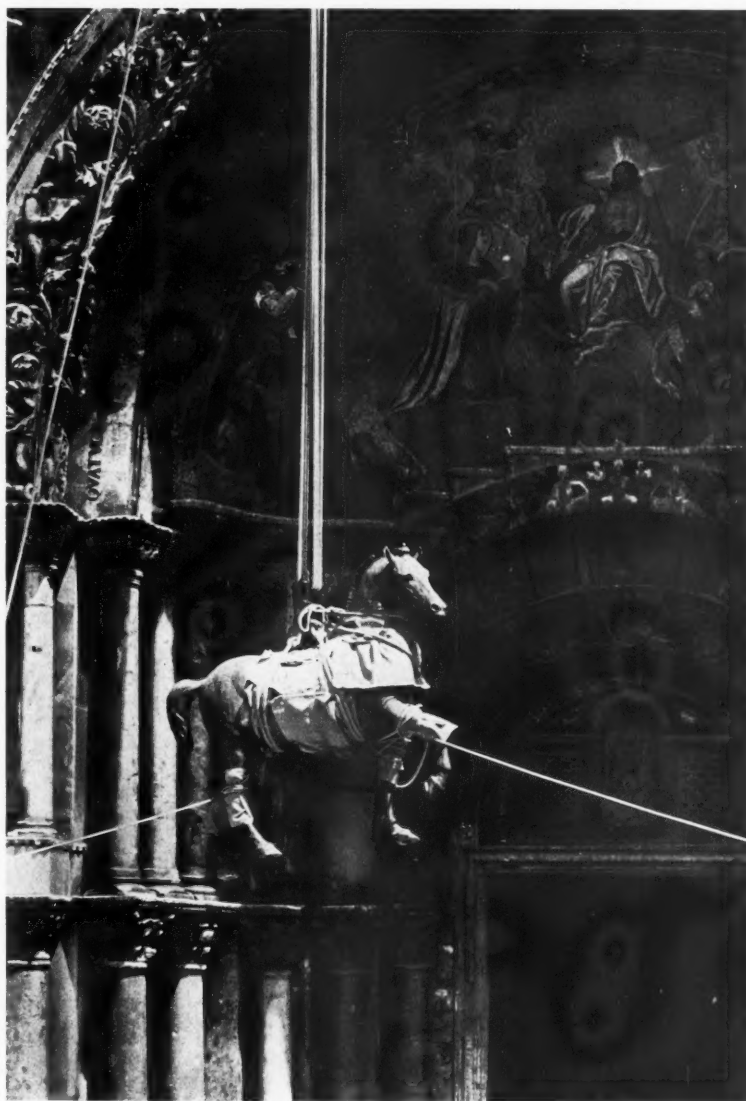
As soon as war became inevitable Signor Corrado Ricci, in the profoundest secrecy, began his work of protection. This involved an inspection of the whole region ultimately to be threatened, that is from Venice to Brindisi, the selection and classification of the objects to be safeguarded, the consideration in each case of the best measures to be taken, and finally their execution. All this was accomplished in a few months. The previous studies of Signor Corrado Ricci, an art critic and historian rightly renowned, sometime professor at Bologna, director of the Brera at Milan and of the Uffizi at Florence, his present position, his unerring taste, his wide knowledge, his faculties of decision and command enabled him to work the desired miracle.

When the war broke out the Austrians might come. As far as possible Italy's artistic defences were complete. And, in truth, during the first days the Austrians did arrive. They made a target of the ancient cathedral at Ancona San Ciriaco, and from their ships they fired shells into it.

But the energetic Italian offensive compelled the Austrians to concentrate

all their efforts on the defence of their own frontiers, which the Italians were crossing; and so some months passed without Italy being seriously menaced in the monuments of her radiant past. Moreover, she had leisure to devise means of protecting the works of art in the region, which, in order to complete her national unity, she was about to conquer; and Signor Ugo Ojetti, a writer of distinction, was commissioned by the government to take all measures necessary for the preservation of works of art in the provinces of Trent and Trieste.

The cannon of armies and of squadrons it had been possible to avert, but in the face of aeroplanes the Italians were powerless. Powerless also were they to repress that miserable passion for ravage and destruction inherent in an enemy who knows no pity for peaceable inhabitants, for women or children, and who is totally devoid of respect for the fabrics



THE REMOVAL OF THE BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

of art or of religion. The German press set itself to justify, in anticipation, the worst outrages. The *Vossische Zeitung* declared that wireless telegraphy apparatus and anti-aircraft guns had been installed on the dome of Milan Cathedral and on St. Mark's at Venice. An obvious calumny, the significance of which was evident.

With even greater cynicism a Munich newspaper, the *Münchener Nachrichten*, published the following: "Almost throughout the whole of Italy works of art are in peril. The disgrace of endangering them is that of the Italian government, which has needlessly plunged the country into a destructive war. Austria is threatened by her former ally and, in this crisis, she really cannot have any consideration for the monuments of the past or for the wailings of sensitive æsthetes."

Deeds followed this shameless warning. From Austrian aeroplanes bombs fell on to Venice, Verona and Brescia, wounding and killing unarmed persons, women and children in the streets. At Verona and Brescia the material damage was slight, but at Venice we have to mourn the destruction of Tiepolo's magnificent ceiling, which was the glory of the Church of the Scalzi. Not without interest, therefore, will be an enquiry into the measures Italy had adopted in order to protect her works of art from such devastations.

As in trenches in the open country or in rocky ground where there is no loose soil, most prominent of all such protective devices is the sandbag. Sand generally serves to



BOLOGNA: NEPTUNE'S FOUNTAIN.  
*Encased in sandbags.*

break the shock. Sandbags ingeniously arranged and contained in a boarded framework constitute an excellent protection for sculpture and delicate architectural work. As for pictures, whenever it has been possible they have been taken away and concealed in some safe shelter. In certain places exposed to the danger of fire, the timberwork has been coated with incombustible matter; pails of sand and fire extinguishers have been placed at hand ready to be used at the first alarm. Finally, gilded steeples and statues in a conspicuous position and likely by their brightness to facilitate the enemy's aim have been painted in neutral tints or swathed in a greyish blue material not distinguishable from the surrounding atmosphere.

Up from Polino as far as Venetia all these precautions have been taken. In the latter province, which is within the war zone, the war ministry has worked in conjunction with the department of art and antiquities, which elsewhere has by itself made all the necessary arrangements.

It is not only in the towns on the Adriatic coast, like Ravenna for example, but also in certain cities of the interior, like Bologna, especially exposed by the fact that it is a military centre, that Signor Corrado Ricci's intelligent solicitude has been forced to display itself. A complicated apparatus covers the door of the San Petronio basilica. The choir of the Church of San Francesco is hidden beneath a mountain of sandbags. A scaffolding all round the fountain of St. John

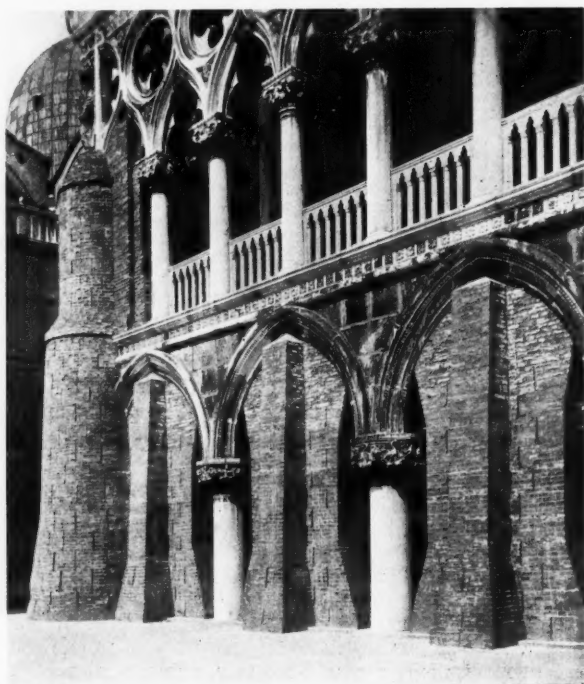


VENICE: THE DOGES' PALACE.  
*The Giants' Staircase is buried in sandbags.*

of Bologna makes it look like some Chinese pagoda. At Milan the beautiful glass of the cathedral has been taken away.

But it is at Venice more than anywhere that these precautions are the most wonderful. Rolled up are all the pictures of la Scuola San Rocco, where Tintoretto has so lavishly and so variously displayed his exuberant genius. The same fate has overtaken the canvases of Titian, Veronese and Tintoretto in the Doges' Palace. The magnificent paintings have been taken down from the ceilings, the laths of which are now revealed in between the projecting mouldings of the framework. This, it may be imagined, was a delicate task, rendered all the more so by the considerable dimensions of some of the paintings. But the enterprise was full of delightful surprises, disclosing unsuspected beauties. These are so interesting that Signor Ongaro, the director of fine arts at Venice, intends, as soon as ever peace is declared, to organise an exhibition of the pictures before they are restored to their original positions.

It has been found impossible to take down Titian's fresco, representing St. Christopher. The artistic value of this painting is enhanced by religious veneration and the



VENICE: THE DOGES' PALACE.  
*The arcading strengthened with pillars of masonry and the carved angles covered in.*





VENICE: THE COLLEONE STATUE.  
Sheltered beneath a high gable and sandbags.

tradition that it is a bringer of good luck. Therefore hundreds of sandbags have been heaped up in front of it. A like protection has been accorded to the Madonna in the Church of San Francesco della Vigna, Negroponte's fascinating masterpiece, which is one of the most charming expressions of the primitive Venetian school. With the same protective care have been safeguarded the ancient lions of the Arsenal, the church door of San Giobbe, the loggetta of Sansovina at the foot of the Campanile, the glorious monuments of San Giovanni e Paolo (Zanipolo as he is called at Venice). The noble statue of the condottiere Colleone is sheltered beneath a high gable and enveloped in sandbags. Neither has the protector's solicitude spared the Church dei Miracoli, that jewel of the Renaissance, with its exquisitely sculptured balustrade.

But the most considerable of all these defensive works are those which guard the Doges' Palace and the Cathedral

of St. Mark. That light and graceful arcading which on the ground floor supports the upper grand façade of the ducal palace has been strengthened by pillars of masonry, while the angles, those on which are carved the miracles of Gothic art, Noah's Intoxication and Solomon's Judgment, have been concealed beneath slabs of stone, which make them look like the bastions of a fortress.

Within, the appearance of St. Mark is that of a vast granary. Extending right up to the mosaics and flanking the sumptuous marble columns are pyramids of sandbags. The statues of the Apostles at the entrance to the choir are swaddled like infants. The capitals are cased over. The baptistery is a kind of trench which, to gratify the desires of the faithful, one is still permitted to enter, and beneath the sandbags the babes of Venice still receive the sacrament of baptism. The famous bronze horses over the entrance have been brought down from their pedestals. There they had remained ever since the Doge Dandolo brought them from Constantinople in 1204, save for the twenty years' absence in Paris, which they owed to Napoleon. During their recent removal photographs were taken representing these enormous steeds suspended from a large crane by straps passing under their bodies and brought down to the ground with infinite precautions. They look marvellously lifelike, and one appreciates better than ever before their august beauty. How inexpressibly prouder and more glorious still will they appear when, amid the acclamations of the rejoicing populace, they are restored to their vacant thrones on the day of victory and of peace!

JULES DESTREE.



VENICE: INSIDE ST. MARK.  
Pyramids of sandbags flank the marble column.

## LITERATURE

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK

UNDER the unpretentious title *In the Field*, 1914-1915 (William Heinemann), translated by H. W. Hill from the French of Marcel Dupont, there has just been published a little book which expresses the very spirit of France as it has emerged from the stirring of the Great War. The author had not contemplated so great a design and is unconscious of having accomplished it. He is a modest lieutenant of Chasseurs who has no opinions to pass on the military tactics and is unable to describe a single great battle. Nor is he a professional writer, but only a soldier. But it occurred to him that if he set down in print his impressions of events as they occurred he would, if he had the luck to come out unscathed, possess a record that would refresh his memory and interest his friends. "I only speak," he says, "of things which I have seen with my own eyes in the little corner of the battlefield occupied by my regiment."

But the Lieutenant is interesting just because he is no hero of exceptional and outstanding merit, only a fair and typical example of the hundreds of young French officers called to defend their country from invasion in the summer of 1914. He came in at a moment more critical than he and his compatriots know. For the French Headquarters had been careful not to cause more alarm than was necessary by their *communiqués*. It was known that there had been hard fighting at Charleroi, at Dinant and in the direction of Nancy. An uneasy feeling was abroad that the French had not done as well as they hoped. Each hard fought battle had been followed by a strategic retirement. The real facts dawned but slowly on the mind of the young soldier. At starting he knew that no great decision had been reached, but that only gave him hope of taking part in the final victorious engagement. The French officers and, indeed, the whole French army entered the war confident of winning. They meant to water their horses in the Rhine,

to hurl the Prussians back to Berlin. In the case of our author disillusion began when he noticed how slowly and cautiously, with what sudden stoppages and interruptions his train moved towards the front. He had been kept behind by the inflexible French military rule that the sixth lieutenant in order of seniority must stay behind to help the fifth to assemble, equip and train the reserve squadrons of the regiment. It was on August 28th that he got orders to replace at the front another officer wounded while reconnoitring.

After leaving the concentration station the first stoppages were pleasant enough. Charming girls distributed chocolate, bread and fruit to the men with smiles. But as the firing line was reached the gaiety became subdued. Eyes sadder and more profound watched the stations and level crossings. At last the engine driver on an empty train shattered many dreams by telling him that the French had been driven out of Belgium and were now fighting on French soil. The train had to pull up before the terminus was reached. Later on, when the journey was continued on horseback, they met "crowds of mournful pilgrims seeking refuge inland." It was a sight to goad a high-spirited French youth to madness. "I urged on my horse to get them out of sight and to reach the fighting line as quickly as I could." We fancy him riding off still a boy. He was to be schooled into manhood by being abruptly familiarised with the horrors of war. The sight of dead horses came with a shock, but that of dead men was to follow and, finally, the troops of wounded as they came fresh bleeding from the field of battle. His own manhood was soon put to the hardest physical and spiritual tests, for these were the most gloomy days for France, those that came immediately before the battle of the Marne. Joffre's message to the troops before that event inspired and exhilarated them. Paraded at dawn they were half asleep still.

The Colonel had drawn up the officers of the brigade in front of the squadrons. He held a paper in his hand and read it to us in a resonant voice, full of unfamiliar vibrations. On hearing the first few sentences we drew closer around him as by instinct. We could not believe our ears. It was the first time we had heard anything like it since the outbreak of the war.

When he had finished we were all amazed. Had we not been told the day before—when, together with the — Corps, we crossed the Grand Morin closely pressed by the enemy's advance guard—had we not been told that we were going to retire to the Seine? And now in a few noble, simple words the Commander-in-Chief told us that the trials of that hideous retreat were over, and that the day had come to take the offensive. He asked us all to do our duty to the death and promised us victory.

We returned to our squadrons in animated groups. Our delight was quickly communicated to the troops, who understood at once.

General Joffre understands his countrymen. We know how they responded. To-day it seems a miracle that they were able to do so. They would not have been human if they had not been wearied in body and depressed in spirit by their retreat before the oncoming German swarm that appeared big enough to overwhelm every obstacle placed in its path, and the hopes of many were so shattered that they fought only as General T. did to avoid by death being witness to the last humiliation of their country. But never did warriors enter the fray more joyously than did the gallant French soldiers when called upon at last to change retreat into an offensive and resolve once for all to conquer or die.

As we write Falkenhayn at Verdun is endeavouring to force his phalanx to drive a wedge through the French lines in the manner that proved successful against Russia and Serbia, and it is the spirit of France, animating officer and private alike, which is bound to render his plan abortive.

## LITERARY NOTES

Since the war broke out there has been a noticeable increase in the production of dialect verse. It assumes many forms. First is Cockney, of the East End, of Mr. Masefield, the most execrable of all patois. Cockney is corruption, while many provincial dialects preserve so much pure English that it is a cause of regret to see these landward forms of speech growing extinct. But it is better for dialect to decay than to become an affectation. Those to whom it is a mother tongue get nearer to the heart of things by using it, but they get further away from reality who know dialect only as a clever linguist does a foreign tongue. It is almost impossible to read one of the Dorset poems of William Barnes without unveiling some new beauty in the English language. Barnes was a clergyman and highly educated, but like a great many in the same class he spoke the Dorset lingua because it was the language of his youth, of the people among whom he was brought up, and he could express his most touching feelings better in it than in set English. We have not to go far to find a parallel to him. If the first Lord Tennyson was not himself a parson, he was at any rate a parson's son and had been brought up in the light, pleasant atmosphere of the rectory, where the whims and oddities of a rural population had not yet been affected by railways and other modernisms. His "Northern Farmer" is one of the most perfect pieces of dialect in the language, and just at this

moment it is more interesting than ever because the farmer of to-day is really very much in the same position as him for whom Tennyson found words. He lived in days of scarcity and found his great work in reclamation, though he did not give it that name, and science had not yet discovered for him curious chemical manures or added to his equipment steam and electric machinery. But we read it now with delight both in the dialect and the subject.

"Dobbut looök at the waäste: theer warn't not feeäd for a cow;  
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looö at it now—  
Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feeäd,  
Fourscoor yows upon it an' some on it down i' seeäd.

"Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,  
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,  
If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,  
Meä, wi' haäte hoönderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oän.

"Do godamoighty know what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?  
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;  
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!  
And I 'a managed for Squoire coom Michaelmas thutty year."

But Tennyson never selected dialect in which to express his most poignant or most stately ideas, as in the last of Guinevere:

"To where beyond these voices there is peacc."

Or King Arthur's farewell:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of."

Tennyson was doubtless very familiar with the patois of his native Lincolnshire, but his mother tongue was the pure English of his household, and therefore it is the lesser range of emotions that he expresses most perfectly in the Dorick. His exalted thought calls for exalted English. It was otherwise with Robert Burns, who was born to speak his Ayrshire, that best of all the Scottish dialects. English was an acquired language and to say that he could write it at times as well as Milton could write Latin is very high praise, but does not mean that he found there the right casket for the supremest jewel of his thought. The Burns of reality is the Burns of

"My luve is like a red, red rose,"

and

"The dance gaed up the lichted hall."

Thousands are they in number who have tried to wield this weapon, but few indeed are they who succeeded.

"We'll meet and we'll be fain"

came from one of his later successors and is worthy of him at his best. Of recent poets who have used dialect, one stands head and shoulders above all the rest. Needless to say, it was she who wrote:

"An' I ken fine I'm deein',  
Like an auld craw fleein'  
To the last o' the licht."

PROSE DIALECT.

To all appearances it is the easiest thing in the world to speak or to write Scottish, and yet not six people have done it well. The modern Scottish writers who make themselves so popular in England fail altogether. We have to go back to Sir Walter and the Ettrick shepherd to find good modern examples. Beyond those there are many, but then they wrote it well because it was their mother tongue, the language of school and college as well as of home. They were unlike the rural population growing up just now which learns to use one vocabulary for the intimate friends and quite another vocabulary in the presence of the schoolmaster. It is to be feared that the latter will win in the long run, to the ruin of much dialect that is really purer English than the English of polite society.

On Love, by Stendhal. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.)

STENDHAL is the best known of the pseudonyms used by Henry Beyle, and *On Love* is the most important of the works published under that name. But it is impossible to feel surprise that this book, first published in France in 1822, had no success at the time, for in addition to the drawback of its style (if anything so deliberately shorn of attraction, yet at the same time so self-conscious, can be called a style), the ideas it expresses were almost incomprehensible to Stendhal's contemporaries. The book is an analytical study of the relationship between the sexes, but so far is it in advance of the notions prevalent a century ago that there are chapters—those, notably, on the education of women—that might almost have come from the press of some modern women's suffrage organisation. The book is full of evidences of wide and deep thinking by an independent, acute mind, but it is valuable less as a finished work of art than as the note-books of a great man are valuable—for what is there suggested or sketched, and for the stimulation afforded by the matters touched on to the reader's own mind. Stendhal's determination to escape the affectations of the "artistic" unfortunately recoiled on his own head, for it led him to adopt mannerisms equally obvious and irritating; not only are his bald and jerky sentences disagreeable to read, but they sometimes even miss the goal at which they were aimed, and are difficult to understand. Moreover, his intense fear of letting himself go—*la peur d'être dupe*, as the preface recalls that Sainte-Beuve diagnosed it—betrays him at times into the very pitfall that he is agonisingly anxious to avoid, as when he remarks, with absurdly transparent insincerity, "I have some hope that this extremely vulgar declaration will lead the reader to skip the rest of this chapter." Nevertheless, *On Love* is an interesting



and comprehensive study of the subject with which it deals, for Stendhal argued vigorously (at a time when such voices as his cried in a wilderness), that intellectual sympathy and freedom both for men and women were the basis of happy relationship between the sexes, and in the course of wide travelling he perceived and recorded the intimate connection existing between a nation's ideas of love and the status of the women of that nation.

**As It Chanced.** by H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen, 6s.)

SEVERAL of these short stories are concerned with Dick Ryder, an engaging highwayman and swashbuckler, towards the end of the seventeenth century. He swears with the vigour and versatility of Mr. Robert Acres. "Split me," he exclaims, or "Rip me," or "May I sink and burn," when, as not infrequently happens, he is "woundily annoyed." We confess to a tenderness for this form of tushery and like Mr. Ryder very well as he pinks another ruffian down every button of his waistcoat, robs a post-chaise, helps a damsel in distress or carries a docket of mysterious papers to safety on his fleet mare Calypso. We do not like him so well when he has an adventure with the Doones. Most of us have memories of John Ridd climbing to the Doone valley by Bagworthy Water, and of Carver Doone leaning, splendid and menacing, upon his gun. They are vague memories and very likely incorrect ones, for we may never have dared to read "Lorna Doone" again for fear that the romantic glamour should be dissolved. But they are none the less sacred, and any author other than Blackmore touches the Doones at his peril. It is an experiment only to be justified, if at all, by complete success, and Mr. Marriott Watson's Doones seem to us quite unromantic cut-throats. When Dick Ryder disappears the best part of the book is over. The modern stories are hardly worthy of their author; they do not at all represent Mr. Marriott Watson's best work, being rather commonplace both in thought and expression, and the war story of the young recruit and his father, the

old non-commissioned officer, who fall fighting side by side, is unworthily sentimental.

**Jitny and the Boys,** by Bennett Copplestone. (Smith, Elder, 3s.)

THE author of "Jitny and the Boys" has achieved that very difficult thing, the making of a delightful book out of the simplest and homeliest of materials. Jitny herself was a motor, neither expensive nor beautiful—in fact, the only position in which her appearance was bearable to the fastidious motorist was in full profile—but roomy and trustworthy. The Boys were the three schoolboy sons of an impecunious, but charming couple, evidently on the best of terms with their offspring. "You can't afford it," said mother, when father was discussing the purchase of a car. "If we wait for anything till we can afford it, we shan't begin enjoying ourselves till we are dead," he retorted. So Jitny arrived, and anyone who has shared their first car with a family of enthusiastic youngsters will realise the joy that followed in her wake, until, in the midst of their enthusiasm, war broke out. "Big Peter," the eldest boy, who had been a sergeant in the school O.T.C., got a commission, and there was a sudden end of light-hearted touring. If the first part of the book is sheer irresponsible pleasure, the latter part is serious enough. Mr. Copplestone has a good deal to say about the Services, the war and the complete *bouleversement* of society and family life which the catastrophe of 1914 brought about, and says them extremely well. He makes Jitny's owners find content if not happiness in facing the situation practically and doing their utmost to help according to their powers, and leaves "Big Peter," who foresees that the family resources will be unequal to the strain of his commission in peace time, happily settled in the Blue Marines. We can heartily recommend "Jitny and the Boys" to everybody, but especially to those mothers and fathers who have seen their firstborn spring suddenly from boyhood to manhood in the forcing house of war.

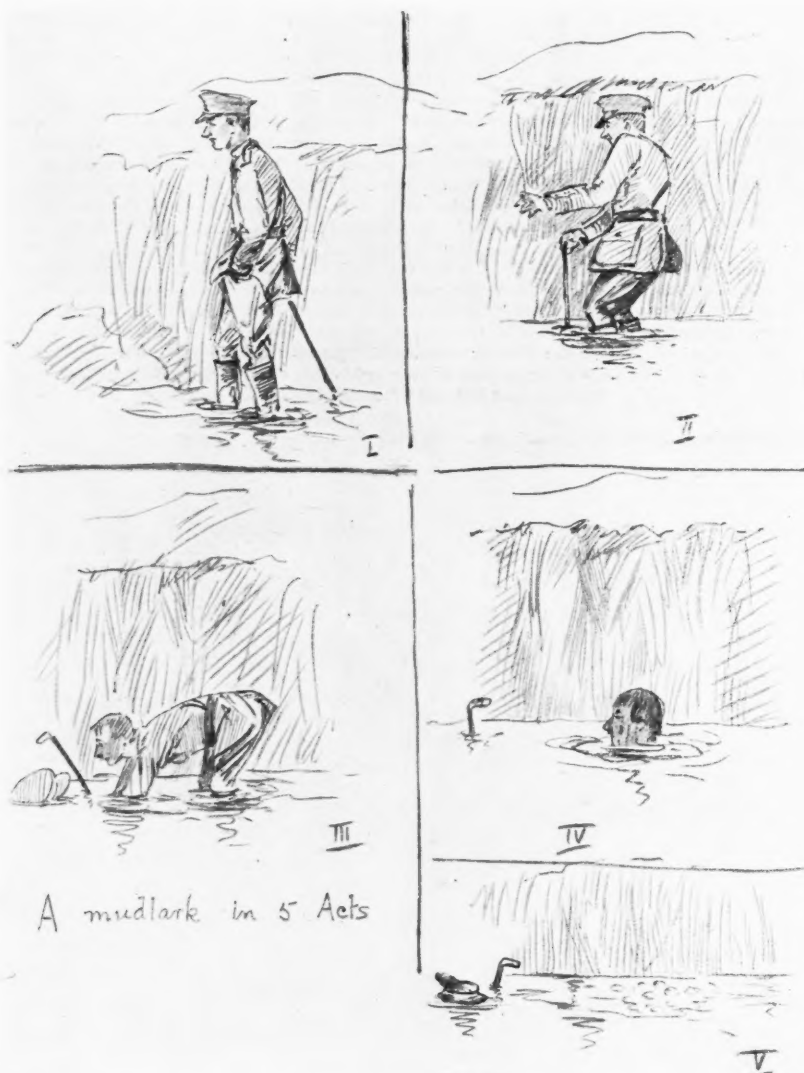


ALDERMAN PUFFIN.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## LETTERS FROM A SUBALTERN, R.F.A.

"I have just come back from the observation station and had a look at the Boches—or, rather, their trenches and barbed wire, which is all that one can see of them. I had a five-act tragedy, of which I send you a sketch.



Did I tell you that a hare got up between the lines one day and, of course, was greeted by a furious fire from both sides, which were only about 300yd. apart. Finally it was filled up with bullets and fell some 30yd. or 40yd. in front of the English trenches. One of our men thereupon got up, held up his rifle and then put it on the ground, and then went out and got the hare—nobody firing a shot at him. He also left some packets of tobacco where the hare had been, and these were collected by the Germans in the same way."

## PERE DAVID'S DEER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be glad if you will allow me to make one or two comments on the excellent photograph of Père David's deer which appears in your issue of March 18th. The antlers of this animal, which are still in velvet and only half grown, are, as your correspondent remarks, of a quite singular type. But according to recent authorities they do not differ so much from typical antlers as would appear at first sight. Briefly, it is contended that the antlers of this animal are comparable to those of the chital and sambar. What answers to the beam of the antler in these animals is seen in the long, backwardly projecting tine which makes the antler of Père David's deer so remarkable, while the brow tine is represented by the vertical forked shaft seen in the photograph. This interpretation is more easily apparent in the fully grown antler, where the brow tine curves distinctly forward. Another peculiar feature of these antlers lies in the fact that in some cases, at any rate, they are shed twice within the year. Your correspondent should have said that the milu, or Père David's deer, were kept in the Imperial Park, Pekin, for with the Boxer rising the walls of the park were breached and the herd dispersed. The unusual length of the tail and the broad hoofs are other points worthy of note; the lateral hoofs are very large. Finally, attention may be drawn to the small ears, long face and thick-set body. The original home of this animal is unknown, but it is significant that fossilised remains have been found in Japan.—W. P. P.

## NAILSEA GLASS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me where I can obtain a pamphlet on Nailsea glass, and can your readers give me any information about old glass rolling pins?

I have a large collection of the latter, and am anxious to inform myself about them.—A. J. TAYLOR.

[No pamphlet has been devoted wholly to Nailsea glass. Most of the authors who deal with glass and curios generally—Percy Bate, F. W. Burgess and Grace Vallois—refer to Nailsea, and Burgess' "Chats on Household Curios" has notes on glass rolling pins. There is a good collection of Nailsea at Bristol Museum, but the Director, Mr. Herbert Bolton, has not issued any pamphlet about it (of the sort that the Dublin Museum issues on Irish glass) owing to the lack of definite information.—ED.]

## HABITS OF THE LITTLE OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have lived the greater part of my life in a district where the little owl is one of the commonest birds of prey, and have had unusual opportunities of watching its habits. I consider that it kills a large number of young black-birds and thrushes and young starlings, the former just after they have left the nest, and the latter while still more or less unfledged; it also takes the chicks of game birds. I am sure, however, that it very seldom eats eggs, and it does not prey either upon our most useful nor upon our rarer small birds to an extent to have any perceptible influence upon their numbers. Its favourite food is insects, but by this I do not mean to suggest that insects form the principal part of its food at any time of year. They are, however, always eaten in preference to meat, when obtainable.—E. K. BENSON.

## GAMES FOR HOSPITAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many of your readers are already kind and generous friends of the British Red Cross and Order of St. John War Library which since September, 1914, has sent thousands of cases of books to the military hospitals at home and abroad. One can scarcely exaggerate the glad relief with which the books are received by the suffering soldiers, and the donors would be more than repaid if they could see the joy they have given. Now we are pleading for games—thousands of them! There are many hours of weary boredom even in the most perfect hospital, and the games are magical "pass-times"—the men almost forget their pain, and the increased vitality quickens their convalescence. Yes; we want games: cards, Halma, draughts, Ludo, dominoes, Crown and Anchor, topical and jigsaw puzzles, anything that will pack flat among

our books—and might we have a few mouth-organs for airing in hospital grounds? We should be very grateful—so also would the thousands of sick men. All gifts to be sent to The Secretary, War Library, Surrey House, Marble Arch, London, carriage paid.—V. LUCAN.

## HOW TO ESTABLISH THE POULTRY INDUSTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In order to illustrate the production of eggs and table poultry on a paying basis as a specialised industry suitable, and that can be safely recommended, for small holders, ex-soldiers, etc., I am anxious to have a model small holding erected for me on ten to fifteen acres of dry soil, not too far from a railway station, and if possible within thirty miles of London or of some good market such as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, etc. Such a cottage and outbuildings should not cost more than £700 to erect, and I am quite willing to take it myself, say, on a five year lease, paying for it as rental 5 per cent. on the capital spent and finding the necessary working capital up to £1,000. The Government have plenty of suitable Crown land for such a purpose near London, for instance, the Home and Bushey Parks near Surbiton, and I think that the holding ought to be put down where there is additional ground available, so that when the demonstration is a success it can be extended by having other types of what one might term commercial test small holdings erected in its immediate vicinity. If the Government had a colony of, say, a dozen small holdings all running as commercial successes and illustrating various types of holdings and combination holdings purely from the commercial point of view, it would give the country a most excellent lead. Of course, I do not think that such holdings could, or should, be open to the general public, but they should be used purely for commercial test purposes as indicators and gauges of commercial possibilities, and be open only at rare intervals to people who are interested in the matter from the point of view of educational and propaganda purposes. Poultry farming pure and simple and ordinary small holdings are quite sound undertakings, but poultry farming and combination holdings especially want licking into shape commercially.—F. G. PAYNTER.



AN AMAZON PARROT IN THE SNOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed is the photograph of a green parrot from the Amazon. It has only been about two years in this country, but is a very hardy bird and is very cross if it is not taken out every day, if only for a few minutes.



HER FIRST SNOWBALL.

It, as seen in the photograph, and for a long time would not allow itself to be picked up or taken into the house. It was also very pleased when it was put to sit on a large snowball and began at once to converse loudly about "Polly" and "Pretty Poll" though it had been rather silent for several days previously, when the weather was too bad for it to go out at all.—SKI.

MAGPIES AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Old fashioned country folks in this part of the world say that magpies know what the coming spring and summer will be, and that the position of their nests foretells a rough and wet season or a fair and fine one, according to the height at which the bird prophets build the homes for their young. For many years a pair



A GOOD OMEN.

of these interesting birds have built in this large oak tree and the photograph shows the old nest with the bottom falling out, and the new one (which they have nearly completed in the last few days), several feet above it, the distance between the two being much greater than it appears, as owing to the height of the tree it was necessary to tilt the camera to such an extent that the perspective was affected. May this be a true omen of a fair and sunny summer for 1916.—E. S. AUSTIN.



A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR POLLY.

TOBACCO AND FRUIT GROWING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a trial crop of Turkish tobacco grown on a farm near Wellington, Cape Province, which may interest your readers. About seventy farmers have made trials in the same district, with the result that 600 acres have yielded 300,000lb. of tobacco, value 1s. 9d. per lb., costing 6d. per lb. to market. The quality of the tobacco is A 1, and many farmers are so pleased with the results obtained that they have rooted out their vines in order to plant tobacco. I wish you would have a look at the Cape fruit in the market this season. Nectarines, peaches, plums, pears—all of the finest quality. Think of the unexploited markets on the Continent and America. It is going to be a big industry and a magnificent opening for our young men after the war. I am told that a well known ex-Cabinet Minister at the Cape is making £400 a year by growing violets which he sells to a soap factory. Can you imagine a more delightful occupation for crippled officers or ladies? I wonder whether your readers know that experiments have been successfully made in the Paarl District of the Cape in growing olives; the oil produced is said to be as good as the finest olive oil obtained in the East. Another important Cape industry, newly started, is the raising of crops of citrus fruits. This promises to become a very big success. The quality of the fruit is excellent, and it can be delivered in the European and American markets in the summer months; there is no competition from any other quarter. It seems a pity that experiments have not been carried out at the Cape to prove what could be done with 50 to 100 acres of land, instead of trying with thousands of acres as in the case of Rhodes' Fruit Farms. Water conservation and irrigation are claiming much attention in South Africa, and the Cape climate is admittedly one of the finest in the world.—J. B. TAYLOR.



THE WEED IN SOUTH AFRICA.

## "ADVANCED AUCTION BRIDGE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be permitted to point out that the title of my new book on auction bridge, reviewed in *COUNTRY LIFE* for March 18th, is "Advanced Auction Bridge," and not "Royal Spades Auction Bridge," as stated at the head of your article? That is the title of an earlier book of mine, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., the latest edition of which I have rechristened by omitting the word "Spades."—"BASCULE!"

## OTHELLO'S TOWER, CYPRUS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the traveller enters the harbour of Famagusta he can see Othello's Tower standing up conspicuously on the walls of the old city. Famagusta is one of the most interesting places on the Island of Cyprus. Here are the remains of the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, where the Kings of Jerusalem were crowned, and also St. Sophia (now put to secular uses). Earthquakes and the devastators, who disposed of the masonry to the builders of Alexandria and Port Said, have reduced the interior of Famagusta to a desolate plain, dotted with the remains of at one time magnificent buildings. Strange to say, Othello's Tower is still in a splendid state of preservation, so much so that it is now used by the harbour-master as his residence. The story of Othello is too well known to require repetition, but perhaps it is not generally known that during the Venetian occupation Othello was appointed Captain of Cyprus, and had command of all the troops on

the island, and it was during his term of office that he married, and later foully murdered, his beautiful wife, Desdemona. —  
MAUDE V. COLCHESTER.

## A FINCH'S APPETITE.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Fastened against the wall close to our dining-room window is a stand with a tray of perforated metal, where there is a large inverted (wine) bottle filled with hemp and canary seed, which falls down as the birds eat it. A great many greenfinches come and, being of a quarrelsome nature, they constantly



THE TRADITIONAL SCENE OF DESDEMONA'S MURDER.

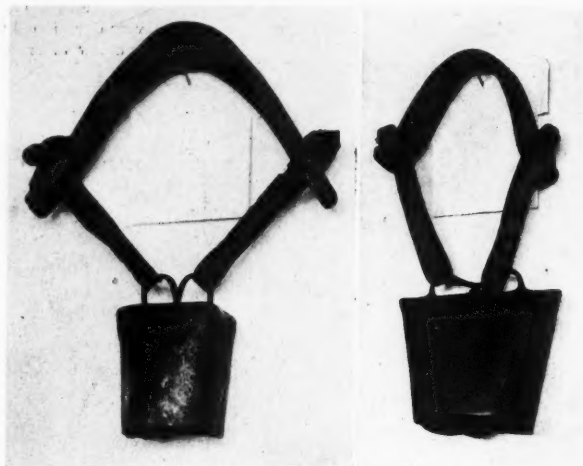
drive one another away. We have had a good deal of snow and cold weather the last three or four days. This afternoon I noticed a greenfinch on the way at 1.45 p.m.; the feathers were much puffed out and it ate steadily for two hours and a half. I do not know when it began nor when it left off, but I saw it there at 1.45 p.m., and left it eating at 4.30 p.m. When anyone went to the window it would fly away, but come back in a minute or two. None of the other greenfinches ever disturbed it; once a sparrow came and a fight ensued, but the greenfinch returned at once and went on eating. The sparrow would come on the branches of the vine close to the seed tray and the greenfinch crouched down and showed fight, but the sparrow did not dare to attack, though he evidently thought it was his turn to eat. I was much astonished that a bird could go on eating so steadily for so long a period. Two ideas came to me: could it be a female and she was setting, and was laying in a future store of food, or had it been partially buried in the snow and had had no food for some days; but it did not look weak and could protect itself, and it was quite different from any other greenfinch in that its feathers were so puffed out.—GERTRUDE A. FRYER.

## SHEEP BELLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs of sheep bells. No. 1 is an old Sussex bell. These bells were made at Pyecombe, a little village on the top of the down looking over Brighton from the London Road. The blacksmith there years ago was also famous for his sheep crooks, which he made out of any metal that came to hand, even to old gun barrels. To give a special tone to these bells the blacksmith beat a quantity of brass into the metal of which

they were made, not smelting the two together, but simply heating them, so that the brass lies in big flakes in the iron, and this gives a clear, rather metallic tone to the bell. A set of sheep bells numbered about twenty-one, and ranged in tone from the big tenor bell measuring 5in. or 6in. across to



SHEEP BELLS FROM A SUSSEX DOWN.

quite small, highly pitched treble ones. They were the property of the shepherd. The shepherd cut a rough collar out of a bent piece of wood, shaping it with his knife and making a hole in each end. He fastened two thongs of leather to the bell, brought the ends through these holes and fastened them with a peg of bone or wood. The thick wool of the fleece supported the bell when it was fastened round the sheep's neck, otherwise they would seem too heavy for them to carry. The Sussex bells are quite square, differing in shape and tone from the Hampshire ones, which are straight and narrow at the top, and come into a wide bell shape at the bottom. These latter have not nearly so much brass in the metal, and so have a deeper, fuller tone, and the one in the photograph has a thick leather collar instead of a wooden one. It would be most interesting if any of your readers would say how sheep bells differ in various parts of the country, and what it is in the metal that makes the different tones.—M. G. S. BEST.

## A CURIOUS SYMBOL OF VICTORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the Western part of Japan there is a shrine called "Itsukushima Shrine" that our ancient Samurais used to worship and offer paddles as the symbol of victory after their triumphal return. General N. W. Barnardiston, Commander-in-Chief of the British Besieging Army of Tsintao, visited Japan a short time ago after the fall of Tsintao, and on his way to



TOKENS OF VICTORY.

Tokyo paid homage to the shrine, and in accordance with our custom offered a big paddle as a sign of his victory. Of the two paddles in the pictures bearing English letters the upper is the one he and his Staff, H. G. Pringle and others, offered.—Y. HASHIZUME, Ise, Japan.